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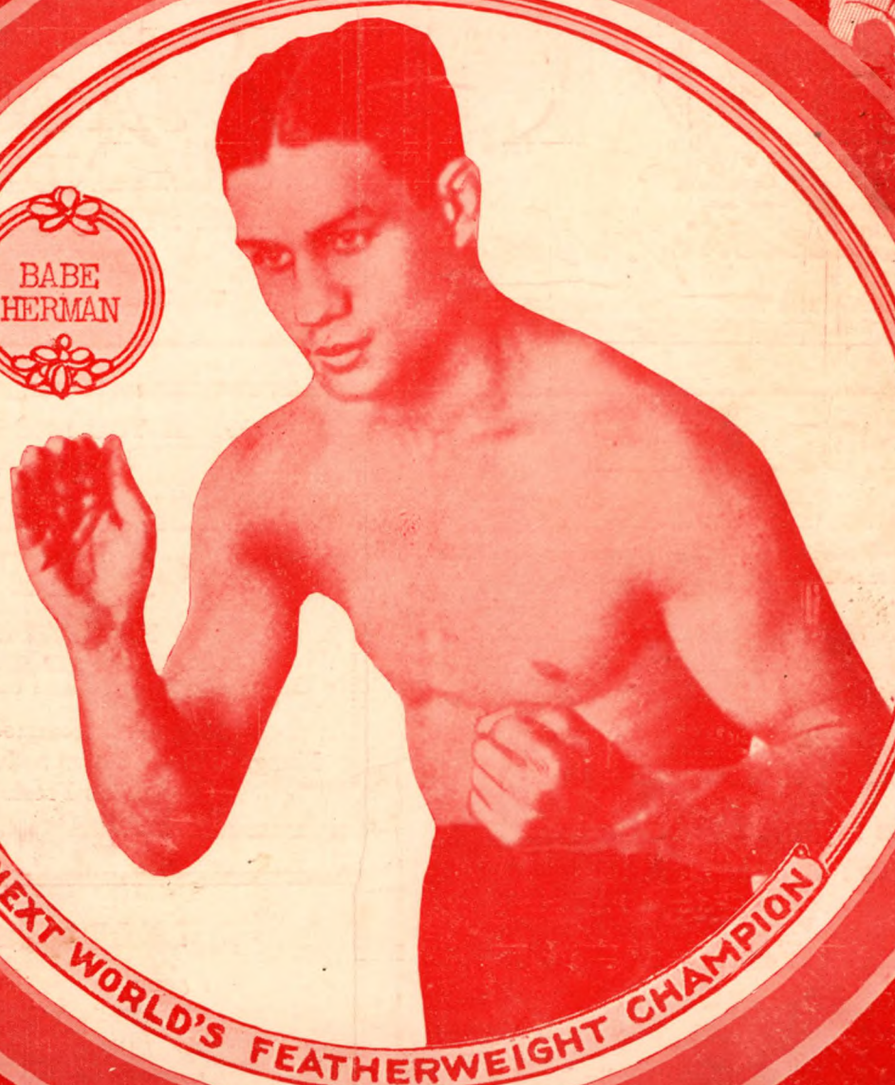

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IN THE BARE KNUCKLE DAYS

A DISGUSTED BOXER

"Hello Aaron, what's the matter. Not going to leave us, eh!—say!"

Jones. "Leave ye, me boys; yes. Hi 'ave 'ad enough of the prize-ring hin Hamerica. Hi can't stand the *revolvers and bowie-knives.* Hits as much as a man's life is worth 'ere to see *fair play,* ye know, let alone being so unfortunate as to win a fight, hi say. Hi am sorry to mention it, but it's too blasted 'ot 'ere for me, bless me soul! so hi am off to Hold Hingland again."

Many Retire But Few Stay Out

Leonard's Action Recalls Passing of McAuliffe and Barry, Who Also Quit Undefeated

By DANIEL

AS regards the retirement of boxing champions in their heyday, there is many a slip twixt the announcement and its fulfilment. Many a title holder, basking in the sunlight of power and achievement, suddenly has told the world that he is through with the ring. But few have gone through with their retirement programs. What is known among "the fancy" as a "Patti" has come to be a much utilized stratagem for press purposes.

Small wonder then that the boxing public of this country regards the recent announcements of Benny Leonard and Jack Dempsey with scepticism. Leonard, unbeaten as the lightweight champion, showing only slight signs of retrograding, still the biggest drawing attraction in New York, and one of the most powerful magnets in the boxing world—this Leonard has announced his retirement. Dempsey, hailed as perhaps the greatest heavyweight the ring yet has developed, with a fortune at his beck and call if only he will consent to fight, tells the universe that he is disposed to quit and will do so after only one more bout.

Will Leonard yield to the importunities of promoters and blossom forth as a welterweight challenger of Mickey Walker for the world's championship? Will Dempsey make his "just one more" the stepping stone to "just another" and soon, until he feels the relentless hand of Time and the overpowering punch of some younger opponent? Let the coming months tell.

IF Leonard adheres to his intention not to do any more ring work he will join a small and most select circle. In this country only Jack McAuliffe, as lightweight title holder, and Jimmy Barry, as bantamweight champion, retired and remained retired. In England, Jem Mace, the heavyweight champion, quit while still at the top of his class. As for those who quit while still champions but could not resist the lure of the dollar and returned to Waterloo, their names are numerous. At the head of that

column stands the inscription—"Jim Jeffries."

Whenever men talk about a champion who retired undefeated they invariably refer to McAuliffe, who now does a turn in vaudeville and is said to be well fixed financially. McAuliffe announced that he was done with the roped arena in 1893. The fistic world smiled and stuck its tongue against its cheek. "Let Jack have his bit of fun for six months or so, and then we'll see him fight Kid Lavigne, the Saginaw Sawdust Kid."

But McAuliffe would not be lured out of his retirement. He had his fill of the thrills of the game—of the aches of the game—of the ups and downs of boxing in an era in which its financial prosperity was subject to marked fluctuations. There were unjust sneers at McAuliffe just as there are mean sneers at Leonard now. "How about Lavigne?" they kept asking Jack, as he steadfastly refused to come back into the arena and meet the challenges of a more powerful and younger rival.

McAULIFFE was well within his rights and privileges just as Leonard is now. There seems to be no pleasing the boxing following. If a champion remains out of the ring for a spell there is a justifiable hue and cry and the demand that he either defend his crown or quit for good. If he retires there is a hue and cry that he feared somebody or other. Insofar as Leonard is concerned, there is no formidable antagonist in his own class. But the professional criers, lacking the counterpart of McAuliffe's Lavigne, point to Mickey Walker, the welterweight king, as the man who chased Leonard into retirement.

When McAuliffe quit the ring he deserved a rest. Jack assumed the lightweight championship in 1885. He was developed in a series of amateur tournaments held by Billy Madden in New York and in 1885 challenged Jimmy Mitchell, who at that time was the outstanding professional lightweight. Mitchell declined the issue and McAuliffe was recognized as the title holder.

Then followed a long series of furious fights—none of your ten and twelve-round no-decision affairs, either. McAuliffe beat Jack Hopper in 17 rounds in 1886, and then knocked out Bill Frazier in twenty-one rounds. In 1887 he fought the memorable battle with Jem Carney of England, of which more anon. In 1889 he battled sixty-four rounds to a draw with Billy Myer, the Streator Cyclone. Four years later, at New Orleans, McAuliffe knocked out Myer in fifteen rounds.

SOME of the old timers resent the statement that McAuliffe retired undefeated. They admit that his record as a champion showed no official blemish, but they maintain that Carney whipped the title holder in their memorable seventy-four round fight at Revere, Mass., on November 16, 1887. Men who had money at stake broke into the ring and ended the fight at a time when McAuliffe looked none too good.

It was called a draw. Sympathy for Carney has been deadened by the fact that before that affair at Revere and in later years he acted as chief of a gang of hoodlums whose stunt it was to act as paid prototypes of those who ended the scrap at Revere. In those times it was quite the thing for professional gamblers to hire ruffians to stop battles in which boxers whom they had backed were in danger of defeat.

Leonard has this distinction over both McAuliffe and Jimmy Barry—he has retired not only unbeaten but without a draw registered against him. Back in the old days a draw in a fight involving a champion often meant that the title holder had retained his laurels only through the traditional courtesy of giving the champion the benefit of the doubt. This tradition has died.

BARRY quit the ring in 1899 undefeated, but he had been held to a draw—once by Sammy Kelly and twice by Casper Leon. Barry assumed the bantamweight title in 1894. George Dixon, who had been the champion, got too heavy for the class and became a featherweight. This left Barry and Leon as the outstanding bantams. They had it out at 112 pounds at Lamont, Ill., on September 25, 1894 and Barry scored a knockout in the twenty-eighth round. Barry made himself the champion of the world when he knocked out Walter Croot of England on December 6, 1897. The battle was fought in London and ended in the twentieth round. Croot died from the effects of the punishment he had received and this no doubt had a lot to do with Barry's decision to quit the ring.

The story of Jeffries' retirement—and his being lured back to take a terrific beating from Jack Johnson—is quite familiar to our readers.

Many quit the ring—but only a very few stay out. Many retire only to come back and find that Time and their antagonist and psychology all conspire to make them rue their return.

This Champ Stuff

By H. C. Van Buskirk

We sing the praises of the Champ,
He's quite the best in th' game;
But how about the long, hard pull,
That scales the heights to fame?

* * *

That bitter feeling of disgust,
The "pork-and-beaner" knows;
But every Champ was a "prelim" once,
With all a prelim's woes.

* * *

The purses small, the fighting hard,
No chance for him to rest;
But gamely fighting like a man,
He merely did his best.

* * *

The weary weeks in training camps,
And roadwork, dawn and night;
His body hardened every way,
In trim for every fight.

* * *

The BIG chance came, as it always does,
To men who really try;
And now he's reached the very peak,
Above all smaller fry.

* * *

The sting of losses at the start,
The worry and the strife,
Are just the same in everything,
In every walk of life.

* * *

So take a lesson from the Champ,
And buckle grimly in;
Remember this—if you don't try
You don't deserve to win.

BRITTON HONORS ATTELL AS GREATEST BOXER

"WHO do you regard as the greatest fighter you ever saw in action?" Jack Britton was asked the other day in California, where the former welterweight champion has been quite successful.

"Abe Attell," replied Britton without hesitation. "In the fight I saw him in with Tommy Murphy he looked better to me than any fighter I ever saw. He had everything that day and his cleverness, his footwork and his headwork have always remained with me as a picture to treasure."

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Chinese Boxer Gave "Babe" Herman His First Lessons

Celestial by Name of George Lee Responsible for Early Success of the Featherweight Contender

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

ALTHOUGH the Chinese have made little or no progress in American fisticuffs, it remained for a Mongolian to teach Babe Herman the first rudiments of the manly art of self defense. When Babe was sure he had learned all that was to be known he emulated Jim Jeffries and Kid McCoy by taking his teacher into camp.

Jeffries was a rough, tough iron worker when Jim Corbett took him in as a sparring partner. Big Jeff's only stock in trade was a roundhouse left hand. Boxing with Corbett Jeffries learned how to jab and hook with it and picked up many valuable pointers from the master boxer of that era. Jeff became so proficient that four years later when they clashed in actual combat he flattened Corbett in twenty-three rounds at Coney Island, May 11, 1900.

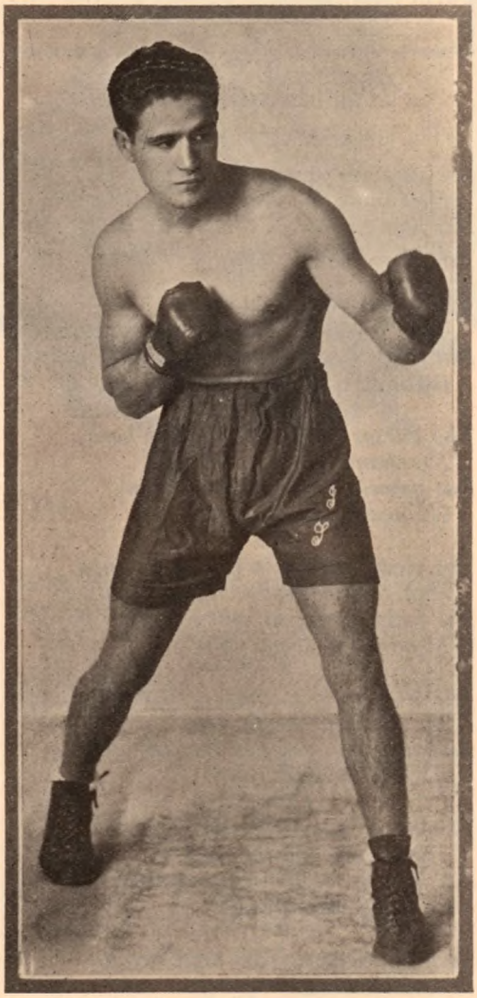
It will be recalled that McCoy in 1896 knocked the skids from under Tommy Ryan's legs in fifteen stanzas. The Kid, tiring of being a punching bag, tricked Ryan into a match knowing full well that Tommy was out of condition and battered him from pillar to post.

* * *

GEORGIE LEE is the name of the young Chinaman who helped Herman to carve a fighting career. Lee saw Babe make his debut appearing in the semi-final to him in a Sacramento ring and took such a strong liking to his former schoolmate that he not only urged him to continue but sacrificed time tutoring him.

Herman, like Jeffries, was an adept pupil. Once in his stride he bowled over opponents like so many ten pins. Lee was one of two rivals remaining in his path to the Pacific Coast bantamweight championship. The fans howled loud and long for a Lee-Herman bout. It was a "natural." Announcement that they had been matched caused no end of talk on the street corners. They made Georgie a prohibitive favorite.

Sacramento, a hustling, bustling city and the capital of California, turned out en masse to see their idols decide the question of supremacy. "Babe's just made to order for the Celestial," was the consensus of opinion. On the night of the fight there was only standing room and little of that when the young gladiators climbed through the ropes. They scaled 118 pounds. The



Joe Souza, the Portuguese Lion, brother of Babe Herman, who is the world's leading contender for featherweight honors.

"gate" amounted to $6,000, establishing a record for attendance and receipts.

* * *

HERMAN shocked the California fistic populace by decisively trouncing Lee in four torrid rounds. It was a battle second to none. In twelve minutes of flying fists the spectators stood on their chairs yelling, screeching like a bunch of maniacs. You can imagine by how big a margin Herman triumphed when the promoter and referee of the contest, Ansel Hoffman, who also managed the Chinaman, could do nothing else but lift Babe's "duke" in token of victory.

Herman's ambition to ascend the top rung of the ladder was gratified about eight months later at Portland, Ore. The two Jacks, Dempsey and Kearns, saw the mite of a two-fisted scrapper dethrone Bud Ridley in ten terrific rounds. In the space of a year—1920 to 1921—the Babe, only a shaver, had accomplished wonders.

Babe has no one but himself to blame for not having participated in the featherweight elimination tournament held in New York. He was at his home in Sacramento when the 126-pound stakes got under way. After he realized what had happened he took the first and fastest train across the continent but he got on the scene of hostilities in time to witness the semi-final round.

To appease his feelings, the New York solons selected him as an alternate to the finalists, Louis (Kid) Kaplan and Danny Kramer. Both men made the stipulated poundage on the afternoon of January 2, so Babe was out of luck. Just as well, however, because he appeared in the semi-final event that evening at Madison Square Garden, and electrified the 13,000 spectators by annihilating what remained of the once invincible machine in the person of Billy De Foe. They saw Herman at the peak of his form.

THE Babe floored scientific Billy twice. Like a bolt out of a clear sky in the eighth round he let fly a terrific right hand blow under the heart and De Foe crumpled on the resin floor as if shot. From start to finish De Foe was on the receiving end. He came out of the bombardment with two broken ribs and bruises on face and body. Ten minutes later we saw Herman sitting on the lap of his manager, Jimmy Kelly, at the ringside, watching Kaplan step in the shoes made vacant by Johnny Dundee by punching Kramer full of holes.

The deafening cheering in celebra-

tion of the coronation of a new champion had hardly died down when Herman turning to Kelly commanded him in this wise:—"Get me Kaplan if you have to give him all the money." Kelly understood. The next day found Jimmy knocking at Kaplan's hotel door.

"When we return from the Coast where Kaplan is contracted for two or three bouts we'll be glad to talk turkey," declared Scotty Montieth, who owns half of Kap's contract. Kelly took him at his word.

The sensational victory scored over De Foe apparently has done Herman more harm than good. It is not disclosing any secrets to state that most of the feathers, junior lights and lightweights rush to the tall timbers at the mention of Herman's name.

Records disclose the interesting information that Kaplan and Herman have collided five times over the short stretch of two years. In their first meeting in Kap's bailiwick at Meriden, Conn., Herman, under 128 pounds, scored two knockdowns in twelve rounds. The Babe must have won by himself because he got the decision right under the noses of the Kid's pals. Kaplan turned the tables on Herman the next time out, also over a like distance. In the next three clashes they held one another even on each occasion.

* * *

HERMAN is eager to get four or five good fights "under his belt" before getting a shot at the American championship. He believes deep down in his heart that he will make Kaplan play to his music, and the unusually quiet Babe makes the bold declaration that:

"I'll knock him for a row of brick tenement houses."

Babe's life story reads like a leaf torn out of Horatio Alger's best seller. He is one of five sons of Italian-Portuguese parentage. Twenty-two years ago Herman J. Souza—Herman's baptismal name—first saw the light of day in Sacramento. Joe Souza, who is one year older, is strutting his stuff in the bantam division.

After an elementary education, his father, Peter Souza, insisted that Herman continue his studies at the Christian Brothers College. He had no vocation at this particular time except that he spent his evenings over geography "because I wanted to be adventuresome," to quote the Babe verbatim. He played shortstop on the college ball team and was a member of the football combination that won the 100-pound championship back in 1917.

FOR four years he sold newspapers on the Sacramento streets. He had reached the age of fifteen when he decided to go to work. He got a job as a shipping clerk. His greatest pal was the Chinaman, Lee. They worked side by side.

Herman didn't carry a chip on his shoulder but he wouldn't take sass from any living boy his weight or size. He never lost a street fight. About this time Lee was the big card in that city. Babe asked to help him crash the gate for one of his big fights. Georgie pulled the old gag of having him go through the turnstile carrying a pail of water in one hand and the gloves and towel slung over the back.

It so happened that a boy named Roosevelt carded to appear in the semi-final disappeared as if swallowed by the earth. Naturally, the promoter was up against it. Herman pleaded with Lee to get him the shot. "You've never had a glove on and I don't want to see you get hurt," remonstrated Georgie.

Lee admired his pal's nerve. They didn't pick a soft mark for Babe's debut. His opponent was none other than K. O. Blondy, who owned a big rep. Herman took all the fighting out of him in three rounds, knocking him deader than the proverbial mackerel. His "bit" amounted to ten large dollars.

Incidentally, it was in this fight that young Souza got his ring name of Babe Herman. The announcer just couldn't make the Souza grade. He took one peek at the shaver seated on the stool and bellowed forth:—"In this corner I take great pleasure in introducing Babe Herman." The cognomen has stuck to him ever since.

Herman's next stop was at Alameda, where Dempsey happened to be knocking off his daily dozen in a gym. Jack was shy of sparring mates but he didn't have to ask Babe twice to box with him. Dempsey wanted speedy kids. A light left jab broke Herman's nose, but the gamester refused to quit. The champion thought so much of the youngster personally that he took him along on a theatrical jaunt. When they reached Portland, Manager Jack Kearns matched Babe with Sammy Gordon. "If you beat Gordon I'll manage you," promised Kearns. Sure enough, the Babe came through with a decisive victory in two rounds. To bind the bargain Herman whipped Ridley for the two Jacks.

* * *

BECAUSE he was so busy with Dempsey Kearns couldn't give Babe all his attention when he brought him east, so he turned him over to Dan McKetrick.

In the meanwhile, Babe's parents learned that their son had become a prizefighter and the thought of it nearly broke pop's heart. He put up such a holler that the boy, aided and abetted by his mother, who packed his clothes, skipped off to Los Angeles. It was then that Father Souza decided to let him do as he pleased. He wired him to come back, promising to allow him to pursue his fistic career. Herman couldn't believe his eyes one night when he saw his father planked right down near the ringside watching him plaster one John Pastrono all over the ring.

"It was too bad I couldn't make the feather elimination tourney because of a change in managers," explained Herman. "When I was advised to let Jimmy Kelly handle my affairs I made up my mind to do so when it was too late. He wired me to come to New York at once. I'll say this much for Jimmy—he tried with all his might to squeeze me in in spite of the fact that the thing had been closed.

* * *

"IN the two fights I have fought for Kelly I have found him to be a first-class manager, a great handler inside the ring, and a real pal. My contract with him is indefinite—it runs for life."

Herman said a mouthful. Kelly seconded him against Allentown Johnny Leonard, whom he trounced in twelve rounds at 124 1-2 pounds, and the K.O. at the expense of De Foe.

THE SLUGGER

By H. C. Buskirk

This guy ain't much to gaze upon,
His ears are outa trim,
His nose is badly flattened, and,
His legs are awful slim.

He ain't got science, that is true,
He don't possess much skill,
But, boy! he's got an awful punch,
That gives his foes a chill.

His fighting's kinda crude and rough,
He rarely reaches fame,
But when he's in a thrillin' match,
That bout is never tame.

The fans all love his ugly mug,
Although they often jeer,
By willingness to take the punch,
He always gets a cheer.

—H. C. Van Buskirk.

The Knockout Punch

Statistics Show George Chaney to Have Best Record for Ending Bouts with Soporific Punch; Hard Hitters Classified

By JACK KOFOED

(Copyright, 1925, The Ring, Inc.)

The knockout punch is the most vital factor in the fistic game. He who possesses it and lacks everything else can be certain of reaping more than a fair share of success.

Despite the fact that the average follower of boxing has watched possibly hundreds of sluggers in action, he has only vague notions as to who the really great hitters were—from the standpoint, at any rate, of knockouts.

Being statistically inclined, we have blazed a trail through the records in search of the real knockout kings, and the figures that will take up a large part of this article, doubtless will be of interest to those whom the doings of the fistic monarchs intrigue.

Going back over the hard punchers we have seen one man stand out preemiently. Inch for inch and pound for pound, we doubt very much if there ever has been a harder hitter than George Chaney, the Baltimore lightweight. Chaney has accumulated a record of 99 K. O.'s—an unequalled mark. Lacking in speed and not possessing a punch proof jaw, Chaney has met defeat on occasions. But when it comes to sheer power in a single punch he is, and has been for a number of years, a wonder. I have gone over the records of the champions for a good many seasons, and the records of the crack hitters who failed to achieve championship glories, and not one of them has come close to the 99 knockouts that adorn Chaney's record.

* * * *

SAM LANGFORD, the terrific hitting "Tar Baby," one of the most devastating punchers in the history of the game, sent 61 men down for the count. Knockout Brown, that blond haired, cross-eyed little devil, who wreaked havoc in the lightweight ranks some years ago, hung up a mark of 55. Ted "Kid" Lewis, former welterweight champion, who is not generally ranked with the dynamiters, scored 56, and Georges Carpentier, the Orchid Man with the slashing right hand, accounted for 50. Mike McTigue, the present incumbent of the light heavyweight throne, and a man, who like Lewis, has never been regarded as a knockout artist, has 53 to his credit. Charley White marked up no less than 60, and Tiny Jimmy Wilde scored 63.

These are the only fighters of the several hundred whose records I have examined, who have passed the half century mark in knockouts.

They are not, possibly, with the exception of Chaney and Brown, the hardest hitting fighters in their respective divisions. All of them have fought in so many battles that, with any real punching ability at all, they were bound to score many canvas-kissing blows.

The flyweight division has not been recognized for a very long period. So, let us consider the records of only three champions:

	Bouts	Knock-outs	Average
Jimmy Wilde	128	63	49.2
Pancho Villa	94	21	22.3
Johnny Buff	71	13	18.3

This will rank the skinny English mite high in the list of all knockout stars. Wilde never looked like a hitter. He lacked the general contour of a man with a crushing punch, but his record speaks for itself.

* * *

THE bantamweight division has had many wonderful performers listed within its boundaries since the day of George Dixon. "Little Chocolate" could hit, but he was no K. O. king, and assembled comparatively few knockouts in his long and brilliant career. It would be expected that Terry McGovern, one of the great sluggers of all time, would top this division, but this is a wrong premise. The best record was set by that wonder little plugger, Frankie Neil, who stopped no less than 50 per cent of his opponents. The statistics follow:

	Bouts	Knock-outs	Average
Frankie Neil	46	23	50.
Terry McGovern	85	36	42.3
Johnny Coulon	101	27	26.9
Abe Goldstein	110	27	24.5
Kid Williams	190	46	24.2
Joe Lynch	115	25	21.6
Harry Forbes	111	21	19.8
Jimmy Walsh	109	17	15.5
Pete Herman	138	18	13.6
George Dixon	212	29	10.6
Joe Bowker	25	1	4.

It should be borne in mind, of course, that these percentages do not absolutely fix the status of a hitter. Some fighters were well fed on set-ups, while others did not have that advantage. In the bantamweight division, for example, McGovern was without question, the hardest hitter that ever graced it, but his mark falls slightly behind that of Neil, who engaged in far fewer battles.

* * * *

IN the featherweight class the averages run truer to form. Eddie Sentry and Young Corbett top this list of champions, and each was a terrific puncher, while Johnny Dundee, lightest tapping of the featherweight kings, is at the bottom. The figures follow:

	Bouts	Knock-outs	Average
Eddie Sentry	72	26	35.8
Young Corbett	104	34	32.7
Eugene Criqui	112	35	31.2
Abe Attell	201	46	22.8
Johnny Kilbane	139	29	20.8
Ben Jordan	32	6	18.9
Johnny Dundee	305	30	9.8

(The records of Dixon and McGovern, who were also champions in this class, are included among the bantamweights.)

Consistency is also followed in the knockout records of the lightweight champions from the days of Frank Erne. In this division Benny Leonard has shown himself the best walloper, with Gans and Wolgast close up. Only Willie Richie and Freddy Welsh failed to stop at least 20 per cent of the opposition.

Aurelia Herrera, the Mexican lightweight, was one of the most terrific hitters of his inches, that ever lived. Among the stars he knocked out were Billy DeCoursey, Toby Irwin, Caesar Attel, Kid Broad, Jack Clifford, Eddie Santry, Kid Abel, Benny Yanger, Young Corbertt and Kid Farmer. Battling Nelson testified that the hardest punch he had ever taken came from Herrera. When it landed the Battler's feet left the floor, and he landed on his ear. Aurelia was not a one-round

HARDEST HITTERS IN ALL CLASSES NAMED

It may not be amiss to nominate the following men as the hardest hitters at their weights.

Heavyweight, Jack Dempsey.

Light heavyweight, Georges Carpentier.

Middleweight, Stanley Ketchel.

Welterweight, Billy Mellody.

Lightweight, George Chaney.

Featherweight, Eddie Santry.

Bantamweight, Terry McGovern.

Flyweight, Jimmy Wilde.

knockerout, for only three such K. O.'s mark his record, but he got his men, usually, sooner or later. The lightweight statistics are as follows:

	Bouts	Knock-outs	Average
Benny Leonard	200	64	32.
Ad Wolgast	123	34	27.6
Joe Gans	171	46	26.9
Frank Erne	40	9	25.
Battling Nelson	142	34	24.
Freddy Welsh	164	30	18.2
Willie Ritchie	65	6	9.2
Aurelio Herrerra	98	47	47.8

* * * *

THE welterweights have a long and honorable list of champions since the time that the rough and tumble slugger, "Mysterious Billy" Smith, was in his prime. Of this hardy crew only Jack Britton, ancient master of ring-craft, was lacking in punch. The division is led by "Honey Bill" Mellody, who deservedly ranks as one of the knockout kings. The Honey-Boy dropped over fifty per cent of the men who faced him—a wonderful record, indeed; better than any of the great wallopers in the preceding classes can boast. The welterweights ranked as follows:

	Bouts	Knock-outs	Average
Billy Mellody	75	40	53.3
Rube Ferns	55	23	41.8
Mickey Walker	55	18	32.4
Ted Lewis	221	56	25.3
Jimmy Gardner	101	25	24.9
Mike Sullivan	65	15	23.1
Jimmy Clabby	152	34	22.3
Joe Walcott	162	31	19.1
Matty Matthews	96	17	17.8
Jack Britton	280	24	8.6

Fine as this record is, it is overshadowed by the middleweights, on the kingly throne of which sat such hitters as Stanley Ketchel, Kid McCoy and Billy Papke. It may be noted here and in several of the other classifications that fighters not generally recognized as champions as listed. They happened to be in the game at a time when the championship situation was in a muddle, and were generally recognized as the best of their class. The figures follow:

	Bouts	Knock-outs	Average
Stanley Ketchel	60	39	65.
Les Darcy	42	21	50.
Billy Papke	72	35	48.4
Johnny Wilson	129	48	37.2
Kid McCoy	105	39	37.1
Johnny Thompson	148	47	31.7
Tommy Ryan	115	36	31.2
Jack Dempsey	72	18	25.
Harry Greb	219	43	19.6
Jack O'Brien	186	35	18.8

* * * *

AMONG the recent light heavyweight champions—and the class has only lived a comparatively short official life—it is surprising to note that Mike McTigue leads, having a better knockout record than Georges Carpentier, whose right hand has been famous, lo, these many moons! Here's the "dope":

	Bouts	Knock-outs	Average
Mike McTigue	113	53	46.2
Georges Carpentier	110	50	45.5
Battling Siki	65	20	30.7
Battling Levinsky	152	21	13.8

Now, let us turn to the heavyweights, the most popular of all the classes. It is here that the wallop rises to its greatest degree of potency. The hardest puncher here is, beyond question, the best hitter in the fighting game. And, we will pore back to the start of glove fighting, when old John L. was king. Gaze at this list:

	Bouts	Knock-outs	Average
Jack Dempsey	69	47	68.1
Tommy Burns	61	35	57.3
Jess Willard	37	20	54.1
Bob Fitzsimmons	60	32	53.3
Jim Jeffries	21	11	52.4
Marvin Hart	45	20	44.4
Jack Johnson	81	20	24.7
John L. Sullivan	45	11	24.4
Jim Corbett	36	6	16.7

* * * *

IT would appear from these figures that the greatest hitters the fistic game has seen were Jack Dempsey and Stanley Ketchell. This is an opinion that has been held by many fistic observers, who had not turned to statistics. Each owned a headlong attack that took little account of the other man's punching power. Each hit so fast and straight that he beat the other man to it.

There have been some wonderful hitters who never climbed the championship heights. We may discard the record of Luis Firpo, for, though the Wild Bull is a terrific smasher, he was built up on a lot of easy marks, who were ready to tumble before they entered the ring. Here is what the "shortstops" did:

	Bouts	Knock-outs	Average
Luis Firpo	32	22	68.7
Tom Sharkey	55	33	60.
Young Otto	90	46	51.1
George Chaney	202	99	49.21
Harry Wills	96	46	47.8
Gene Tunney	48	22	45.8
Bobby Barrett	55	24	43.6
Peter Maher	80	32	40.
Knockout Brown	146	55	37.6
Joe Choynski	80	26	32.5
Sam Langford	205	61	29.9
Mike Gibbons	135	40	29.6
Lew Tendler	128	24	18.9

* * * *

SOME of these men made fortunes from the punch concealed in their fists. Others were unfortunate enough to have been born too early to be in the heyday of the ring's golden era. Firpo and Wills have garnered a fortune from the game. Tendler, Gibbons, Tunney, Chaney and Barrett are well off. Sharkey hasn't much to show for his efforts and neither has Choynski, or Young Otto. Maher, Brown and Langford are numbered among the "down-and outs."

* * * *

ONE-ROUND knockouts are a specialty that some of the greatest hitters never indulged in. Dempsey leads the flock in this respect with 21. Young Otto had 18 to his credit, and George Chaney and a heavyweight named Al Benedict, 17 each. Jeffries, mighty hitter that he was, was credited with only one. Ketchel dropped but three opponents in the initial canto, while Battling Nelson had four, Terry McGovern, seven and Bob Fitzsimmons, nine.

Battling Nelson holds the record for quickness. He stopped Billy Rossiter in two seconds back in 1902, shooting from his corner and crashing a right hander against Billy's jaw before the latter was well off the stool. At Carson City in 1897 Dal Hawkins, one of the great punchers of the past, dropped Martin Flaherty in four seconds, while Terry McGovern has the shortest championship battle on record in his log. He slammed Pedlar Palmer into unconsciousness in a lot less than one round.

Carpentier has the distinction—if it is a distinction—of having twice knocked out Joe Beckett in a single round; while Frankie Rice, the Baltimore lightweight, was stopped in one round each of two successive fights—George Chaney and Danny Kramer being his conquerors.

* * * *

THE unusual feat of being knocked out, and then returning to stop his opponent in a return match was accomplished by Stanley Ketchel. The Michigan Assassin was knocked out by Billy Papke, and then turned the tables on the Illinois Thunderbolt.

Practically every fighter—champion or not—has been stopped at one time or another. George Shade, the California middleweight, leads in this respect. He has been knocked out no less than thirteen times, and still is a pretty fair sort of drawing card.

Even so great a fighter as Joe Choynski heard the fatal "ten" counted over him no less than ten times. Jim Corbett stopped him twice. So did Kid Carter, and Tom Sharkey. Maher, McCoy, Walcott and Nick Burley also accomplished the feat once. Peter Maher was knocked out nine times, as was Young Corbett. Bill Squires, the Australian Lemon, and Eddie Santry had the doleful experience on eight occasions.

My Hardest Fight

By FRANKIE GENARO

(*American Flyweight Champion*)

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IT doesn't often pay to go out of your class with a chip on the shoulder. I learned my lesson on the evening of July 8, 1924, when I climbed through the ropes of a Boston ring to battle Johnny Sheppard of that city for ten rounds. Sheppard is built like a tenement house brick wall, and the extra poundage he had on me was a whale of a handicap.

I fought Pancho Villa three times and beat him handily in each start, the last time earning for me the American flyweight championship. This trio of battles with the Filipino combined were tame in comparison with the ten terrific sessions I had with the Hubite. Believe me when I tell you that Sheppard gave me my hardest fight, and you know I've had nearly a hundred to date.

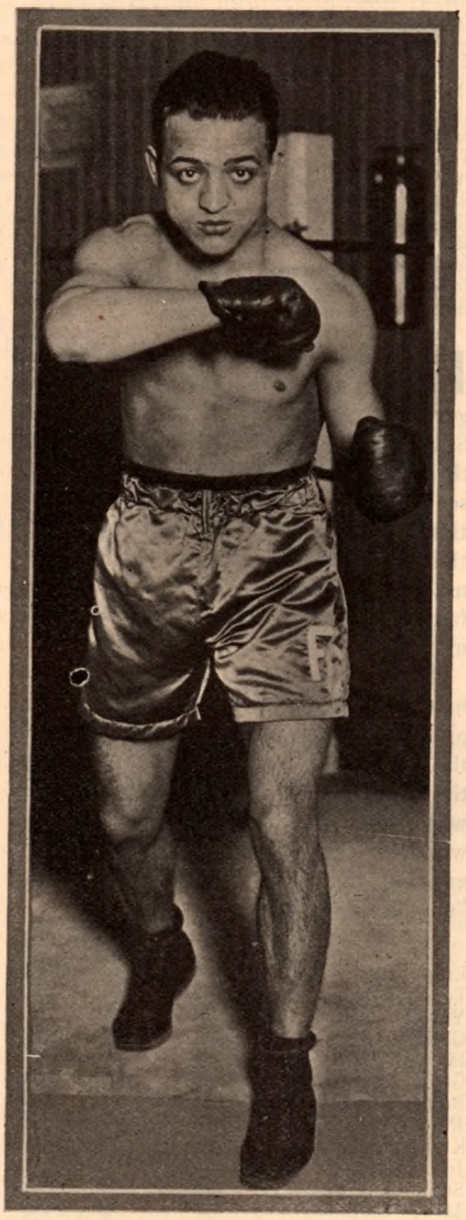
I swept through the amateur ranks as if my opponents were a bunch of setups. Forgive me if I repeat that Villa was made to order, and you'll remember that I boxed rings around one of the greatest punchers in the racket in Carl Tremaine, jumping in to fight him on short notice.

Phil Bernstein and I didn't exactly think Sheppard was a mug, but I figured I'd give him a few lessons on the modern art. To my surprise, Johnny swept me off my feet, literally speaking, when the first tap of the bell sounded. I thought a cyclone hit me. Phil was sweating and beads of perspiration rushed down his forehead.

As the fight progressed Sheppard kept up a terrific bombardment. He put into play a stiff left jab that hurt me whenever it landed. The force of it cut my mouth and nearly closed one of my eyes. In the third, if memory serves me right, he let fly a right—overhand right—that nearly floored me. For the life of me, I couldn't get started. I countered skilfully, but Sheppard didn't give a hang. He rushed in and out and landed some hefty wallops.

The fifth session was the hardest of the lot. In a mixup, something I shouldn't have been in, he pounded my body. Three overhanded rights landed flush on the chin and the fans thought they were going to see me go down. Lady Good Fortune was with me very strongly. Sheppard must have thought he had me, for he kept piling in, smacking me all around the place. I was a sight when the gong sounded and glad and thankful that I could still stand on my pins.

In the sixth Sheppard let fly a right



Frankie Genaro

from the floor and it landed on top of my conk. The blow carried so much dynamite that it ripped half an inch cut on my head. The blood streamed out of the cut like a miniature Niagara Falls. How in the world I stood up against such a terrific bombardment I'll never be able to explain. Suffice to say that I was a beaten young man at the close of the sixth, and I never prayed so much as I did that night before the seventh began.

Bernstein pleaded that I start setting the pace. I gathered myself together as best I could, and took matters into my own hands. I outsmarted Sheppard beginning the seventh, and in this way I managed to catch my breath. A few left hooks to the body kind of slowed him up. I knew I had his number then. In the next two rounds I kept on piling points and they had to give it to me.

Sheppard is a combination Pal Moran and Harry Greb thrown in together. He is a snappy puncher to boot. He is liable to grab the "duke" over any champion. He didn't make me feel at home by a long shot for he danced around, bounded in and out, smacking me here and there, while the crowd roared and laughed as if the fans were looking at Harold Lloyd or Charlie Chaplin.

I'll be glad to fight Cannon Ball Martin with his bantam title at stake, but no more 117 pounders for me. The gamble is too big. A word to the wise is sufficient.

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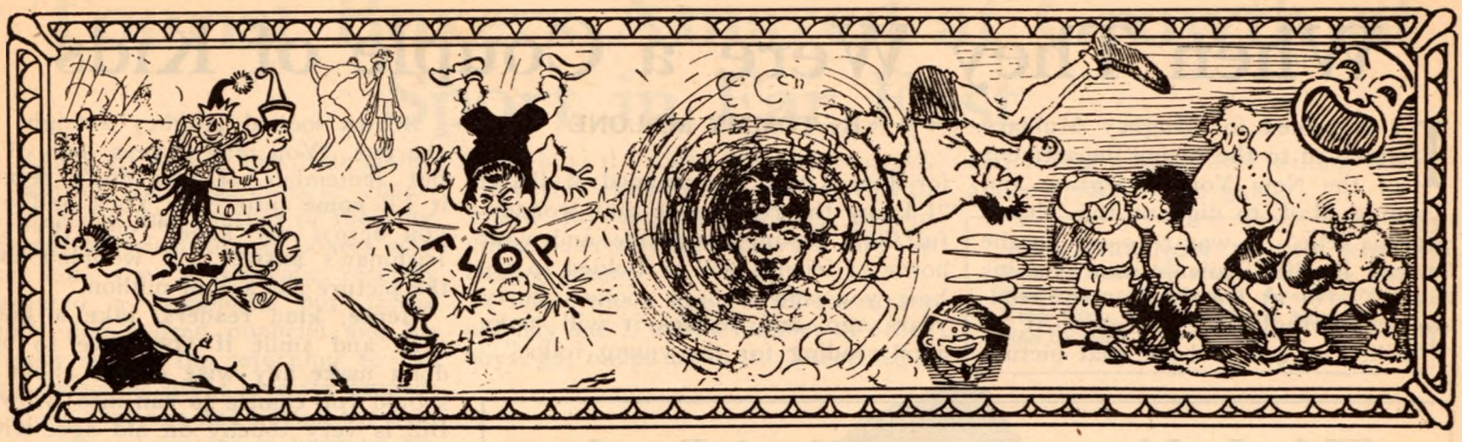

The Funniest Thing I Ever Saw in the Ring

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His Mind Was Dull

IT was initiation night at the club and our new member (Cream Puff Willie) agreed to put on the gloves with Rough House Tom.

Large sparring gloves were used, to avoid a serious ending.

A light exchange followed between Willie and Rough House Tom and the Swish-a-Mary-Ann from the floor connected with Willie's chin and his trouser seat (followed Willie in person, of course) kissed the floor.

The clean knockdown and the vague expression on Willie's countenance as he regained his feet, apparently unhurt, but still weak in the knees, put all the members of the club in a roar of laughter.

Willie, still keeping that queer expression, felt himself all over, from the crown to waist line, and then in all earnestness asked:

"Where did he hit me?"

HARVEY MAYER.

Tuckahoe, N. Y.

When Brown Ousted Fitz

MANY readers of THE RING undoubtedly either attended some of the great shows Bill Brown, famous physical culture director, staged at his old gymnasium on West Twenty-third Street, or at least have heard of the great sport furnished by Bill in the good old days. It was at one of these shows several friends and myself saw what to me has always stood forth as the funniest incident I have ever seen in the ring.

Brown arranged a splendid card for his members, the headliners being Kid McCoy and Jim Savage. In the first round of this six-round encounter Savage tore into the Kid, took him completely by surprise and let loose several blows that rocked McCoy from dome to toes, a terrific right smash to the point of the jaw sending the Kid down for a count of eight.

McCoy was simply bewildered, and throughout the remainder of the round it was apparent to all that the Kid was gasping with astonishment at the sudden turn of affairs. When the gong sounded McCoy, somewhat dazed, walked to his corner, muttered a few words about getting even and when the bell sounded for the second round—what a treat the fans were given!

Rushing out of his corner, McCoy let sink a blow to the pit of the stomach that all but tied Savage into a knot. Jim groaned with pain and as he raised his hands to protect his face, McCoy shot loose his famous corkscrew punch and down went Savage in a heap.

Bob Fitzsimmons was in Savage's corner, and no sooner was Jim counted out than Lanky Bob vaulted over the ropes and into the ring. He was in a rage and threatened to chastise McCoy for what he termed was a foul blow. Bob rushed at the Kid and in attempting to swing, just missed landing on the chin of Bill Brown, who hastened to intervene in this attempted free-for-all.

Those who know the famous Bill Brown are well aware of the fact that not even a Jim Jeffries would prevent Bill from adhering to the law and order rule of the ring. Bill, white with rage, leaped at Fitzsimmons, and in a voice that could be heard all over the house, shouted:

"If you don't clear out of this ring this minute, I'll throw you out."

The crowd let loose a cheer, Fitzsimmons looked up at Brown in astonishment, crawled through the ropes and made an exit for Savage's dressing room. McCoy followed and what might have turned into a Donnybrook ended in a blaze of glory for the most fearless referee and fight promoter New York State has ever had.

Wish there were more Bill Browns officiating today!

HUGHEY MULHARE.

N. Y. Telegram-Mail.

Touched a Ticklish Spot

ONE night in Houston, back in 1920, Bat. Monteau, a tough little lightweight, was engaged in a fistic argument with a hostile leather pusher, who bore the euphonic monicker of Old King Brady. Brady was an active, aggressive amateur, who gave the crowd a great laugh, as he sported a cute little mustache and knew as much about boxing as Bull Montana does about the Einstein theory.

But he was willing, eager and anxious, and in the fourth round of what was carded a six-round, semi-windup, he had Bat. backed up against the ropes, assailing the bewildered Bat. with both hands, with all the thoroughness of a paper hanger mixing paste.

Things looked black for the Battler. He was on the ropes in his own corner, about due for a flop, when his worried handler happened to remember that his man was very ticklish. The handler suddenly reached up and tickled Bat. in the ribs with both hands.

With a startled howl, Bat. bounded off the ropes like a panther, swinging a wild right that disarranged Brady's mustache, a still wilder left, that upset Brady's equilibrium, and a shower of both lefts and rights that drove the amazed Brady right across the ring where he collapsed, either through exhaustion, or a lucky punch.

The bell saved him from the count, but the fight was over, so far as he was concerned.

R. J. CRABB.

Kingsville, Texas.

When They Were a Couple of Kids

By TOMMY MALONE

IT remained for Hughey Mulhare, attached to the racing department of the New York Telegram and Evening Mail, to dig out this photographic relic. It was reposing on the bureau in Bill Brown's room on his health farm at Garrison-on-the-Hudson when Hughey's eyes fell on it.

"Bill, I've got to have that picture for THE RING," commanded Mulhare. "I know the readers of that wonderful little boxing magazine and your horde of friends will be tickled to see how you and George looked thirty years ago, and besides it will make good reading for the young folks."

This Is Not a Cross Word Puzzle

Only a picture of a pair of dudes taken thirty years ago when Bill Brown (left) and George Bothner used to clown just to get a kick out of life

Brown looked Hughey straight in the eye. "You may have a loan of it but remember, if you don't return it I'll come into New York and put you across my knee," was the big Irishman's answer. "I wouldn't lose the picture for a cool million."

Hence, kind readers, take a good peek and smile if you have to but don't make any wise cracks about it should you chance to run into Brown. Bill is very touchy on old age, trick hats and canes and gloves.

Bill and George are life long pals. They were regular village cutups, and many are the stories told about the pranks they used to pull on the boys. Devilish is no word to express about their various stunts.

It was nothing out of the ordinary to see either George or Bill throw a companion or two into the East River when the thermometer registered one or two degrees above zero. Many were forced to learn how to swim when they were tossed overboard.

Having nothing else to do one Sunday afternoon back in 1894, Brown and Bothner meandered to the Pastime A. C. grounds on East Sixty-sixth Street, where the Brazilian Cross organization was holding a set of games. Incidentally on the same grounds to-day stands the Rockefeller Institute.

Who should come marching on the field but Sam Jacobs, tailor extraordinary. Sam was togged out in his finest. Bothner gave him one look, took another and unable to control himself any longer, walked over to where Jacobs was conversing with a damsel from the Gas House district and deliberately lifted Sam's silk topper. Sam naturally protested.

"Aw, fergit it," was Bothner's rejoinder. "Can't a guy have some fun."

"Let's have the cane and gloves," demanded George in another breath. "I want to have a good laugh at Brown's expense. Thanks, awfully."

Bill, clad in gray with a trick vest and box coat thrown in for good measure—box coats were all the rage in those days—didn't object when friend George dropped the high hat on his noble dome. Bill squawked about the gloves and cane but Bothner had to have his way. Bothner borrowed a chowder chapeau, squeezed himself around Jacob's full dress coat, stuck the last of a five cent perfecto between his teeth, and dared the world to say that they weren't having a good time.

(*Continued on page* 25)

Tourist Boxers Amazed at Growth of Sport in Far East

JIMMY CLABBY, one time claimant of the middleweight championship and another of the long string of American tourist boxers who spent some time in Australia, recently attempted a comeback but failed. Jimmy didn't need financial aid, his primary reason for returning to the game being his great love for boxing. He found that age had gotten the better of him and decided to hang up his gloves, never again to take them out for active competition.

A few days ago Jimmy was asked by THE RING for his impressions on the advance of the art of boxing and he replied that in his opinion never has a sport made more wonderful strides in a decade than has boxing. His observations abroad indicated to him that boxing soon will be to the nations of the universe what baseball is to the American lads—the most popular sport of all athletics.

Jimmy's opinion is shared by other tourist boxers who think that boxing is taking such firm hold on the inhabitants of Far Eastern countries that soon American boys may be forced to look after their laurels.

Jimmy Clabby is no stranger to boxing fans, here or abroad. James has been a slashing, interesting, hard working member of the pugilistic profession for several years and most of his acts have been duly recorded and the records duly consumed by the eager boxing public. Yet there are a few little angles to Jimmy that so far have remained untold.

The following is what Jimmy has to say about his fistic start:

"I began fighting when I was fourteen. That is I entered the ring then. I don't know when I started fighting outside of the ring because I can't remember things that happened before I was four and I have been told that I had a few scraps previous to that time.

"We lived out in Hammond, Ind. My dad was a boxing fan of the nut type. He was devoted to the game to the extent that he decided, when I was fourteen, that I should start my career and so he took me by one ear and led me down to Battling Nelson's gymnasium and told Bat to make a boxer of me or ruin me in the attempt.

"Personally, I had no desire to become a fighter. My mother did not approve of fighting. She always had taught me to avoid fighting with the other boys if I could, but I never could. However, when I grew older I tried to follow my mother's wishes and in doing this really forced myself into the boxing game.

"There was a scrap down the street one day and I, with a number of other boys, got mixed up in it. I received a blow in the eye, but gave one in return, putting my nearest antagonist down for the count. Then I thought it about time I beat it home. On my way, a-running, with the major part of the gang after me, I met my dad.

"When we got home he laid down the law to me.

" 'No son of mine will be a coward If you can't fight I'll have you taught the gentle art' and that's when he took me to Bat's gym. My first opponent—that very night—was Mike McCardy. McCardy popped me on the nose in the first round. The blood came squirting out anl I got sore and sailed in and whaled the daylights out of Mike and I was on my way for the big profession. The rest you will find in the record books.

"Sorry? No, but it took several years to convert my mother. It wasn't until I convinced her that I was a boxer, not a fighter—I had to prove to her that I would never get hurt and that I was too clever to be hit hard, something that couldn't be positively proved—that she became converted. I have made good money, have fine health and I like the game. I'm not a bit sorry, thanks."

We may add that Jimmy was really a clever boxer, a real scientific boxer and withal a hard, ever willing mixer and a credit to the game.

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Jimmy Clabby

Vinez, French Lightweight Champion, Has Fought 470 Battles

Never Knocked Down and Beaten Only Six Times, Writes "Sparrow" Robertson in Survey of Fistic Situation Abroad

By WILLIAM H. "SPARROW" ROBERTSON
(Sporting Editor of the Paris Edition of the New York Herald Tribune)

Editor's Note—The writer of the subjoined article—William H. "Sparrow" Robertson—is the sporting editor of the Paris edition of the New York Herald-Tribune and one of the best known experts in boxing and amateur athletics. Robertson was a great athlete in his day and later became a prominent starter of running races. He has resided in Paris since before the war and is regarded as the best informed man on boxing subjects in France.

WHILE Georges Carpentier is in eclipse after a long and illustrious career France continues to lead Europe in boxing. The sport is being patronized liberally by the public, particularly in Paris, and we have more boxers in training in our capital than there are in New York. That may sound like an exaggeration, but a tour of the small gymnasiums scattered all over Paris would bear me out.

Just now interest in France centers in the achievements of Mascart, the featherweight champion, who soon will be seen in New York against "Kid" Kaplan in a battle for the world's supremacy, and Vinez, the lightweight title holder. Both Mascart and Vinez are the champions of Europe, and to my mind they are the best men of their poundage developed on the other side since the heyday of the game in England.

Mascart is no Jem Driscoll in cleverness, but he hits harder and is a far more formidable proposition. Vinez is no Owen Moran in so far as science is concerned, but here again we have an advantage in favor of the Frenchman in so far as hitting power is concerned.

Vinez, who, like Mascart, no doubt will be seen in action on this side of the Atlantic, has a most phenomenal record. I do not believe that the history of boxing shows a record which even approaches that of Vinez in the matter of frequent competition. American boxers of note could follow the example of the French champion with great profit both to themselves and the sport which is responsible for their prosperity.

GRANTED that the terms are anywhere near right, Vinez never refuses a fight. He holds that it is no more trouble to engage in a bout than it is to box a training joust—and he likes to keep adding to his bank account. As a result the record of Vinez shows the astounding total of 470 bouts. Only six times has Vinez been defeated. And he never has been knocked down. He has been outpointed, but he has yet to meet his master in hitting.

Vinez has come along in remarkable style in the last year or so and to my mind is a vast improvement over Fred Brettonnel, former holder of the title. Brettonnel is the man whom Johnny Dundee was to have fought in Paris—the bout which never came off, and which may lead to international complications in boxing. Vinez is a two-fisted hitter, quite fast on his feet, and endowed with a grand physique. As may be imagined from his record, he is invulnerable. There is no glass jaw or tender "wind" in the make-up of the French champion.

How would he rank with the American contenders? Well, I believe he could beat either Terris or Mandell, for the reason that neither would be likely to hurt him and he would be injuring them every minute of the fight. Vinez would be beaten by Benny Leonard, but he comes to being the world's best, now that the American has relinquished the world's title.

MASCART is a French edition of the "Kid" Williams of ten years ago, though a bit heavier. The foreign featherweight has wonderful shoulders—the torso of a welterweight. He has great driving power in those arms of his and he keeps boring in all the time. Life Vinez, Mascart is an ambidextrous hitter. He is a dangerous "socker" from any angle and at any time. I regard Mascart as a better all around performer than Criqui, who was beaten by Dundee here for the world championship.

Criqui had lost a big portion of his jaw in the war and it had been replaced with a silver plate. He was vulnerable. Mascart is a perfect specimen—one of the finest looking featherweights boxing yet has seen in so far as physique is concerned.

The general situation over on the other side is a bit chaotic because of the battle between the British officials and the International Boxing Federation. Though he was outclassed and knocked out by Tom Gibbons, Jack Bloomfield, of London, still is the best heavyweight in Europe. Carpentier may be regarded as out of competition. However, I do not believe that Bloomfield will hold his position very much longer.

THE next heavyweight champion of Europe and possibly a contender for the world's championship, is Paolino, the Basque woodchopper. Paolino has been coming along in fine shape. He weighs 200 pounds and stands 5 feet 11 inches in his socks. There is a reminder of Luis Firpo about his head and neck. I think he wears a size 18 collar. Paolino has beaten quite a few supposedly good heavyweights and is in line for a match with Bloomfield.

Paolino, who was discovered in the woods of the Pyrenee country down in the South of France, on the Spanish border, reminds me a great deal of Tom Sharkey when the sailor was in his heyday. The Basque is a hard hitter, keeps coming in, and is learning his tricks quite rapidly. Seemingly he is being handled very well, for his manager has refused to rush him along and is taking extreme care not to overmatch the erstwhile woodchopper.

Europe may have a welterweight contender in the person of Tommy Milligan, who holds the championship of the class over there. He took it away from "Kid" Lewis and gave the Anglo-American quite a trouncing. Milligan is only nineteen years old and is a rough and tough miner from Hamilton, Scotland. Tommy is the first Scot who ever has won a boxing championship of Europe. Milligan is very ambitious and is in proper hands.

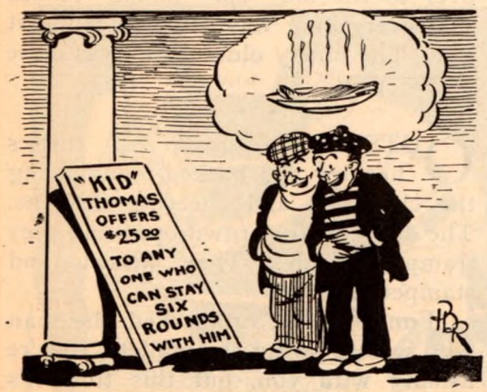
THERE are enthusiasts over there now who would back Tommy heavily to beat Mickey Walker. Sporting men among the Scottish nobility have become greatly interested in boxing

(*Continued on page* 15)

How Spider Kelly Chased Fighter Up Ladder to Eat

By HAROLD EVERETT

SOME funny stories have been told of fighters barnstorming in the sticks, but a prize one is the experience of the famous old Spider Kelly and Tim McGrath in Reno, Nevada, in 1897, just after the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight in Carson



They Noticed a Sign

City. Like many another who figured Pompadour Jim could not lose, the two were strapped tighter than a Saratoga trunk. Not only were they clean broke but they were hungry as a team of Bengal tigers.

On their way back to Frisco they stopped at the town which thirteen years later was the scene of the Jeffries-Johnson battle. As they strolled around the town, looking things over, they noticed a sign announcing to the world that Kid Thomas, the lightweight champion of Nevada, was ready to take on anyone and present him with $25 if he would stick six rounds.

The Spider had visions of a juicy big tenderloin steak, for there wasn't a lightweight of his size with whom this clever lad could not stay six rounds. In fact, there were not so many who could stand up before him that long.

"That's our dish," said the Spider, and the two of them went into the theatre to interview the manager. They asked him if he had engaged any one for the night to box his champion and he replied in the negative.

"Then, I'll go on," said the Spider.

The manager looked at the dapper chap who had none of the earmarks of a pug and was kind of dubious. He asked Kelly if he had ever done any fighting, and as he did not appear to be too keen he said he had done a little.

When the curtain arose Kid Thomas appeared all dolled up in nice red tights, rubber soled shoes and carefully slicked hair. The Spider took off his shirt and tied his suspenders around his waist as a belt. The crowd sat back ready to see this poor "boob" made a monkey of.

The Kid rushed out of his corner like a wild bull but the clever Spider met him with a left jab and a right cross that nearly dumped the pride of Reno. That shook Mr. Thomas up quite a bit and the Spider contented himself with making the champion miss for the rest of the round.

He Began to Climb the Ladder

In the second, right at the start, Kelly shot over a left which flattened Thomas. That settled the Nevada champion. Instead of making an attempt to get up, he grabbed the lower rope and pulled himself out of the ring.

He then started to the side of the stage and began to climb a ladder as if the devil was after him. The Spider went pell mell after him up the ladder trying to grab his feet with his glove-covered hands, and eventually managed to pull off one of the shoes. That scared Thomas even worse and he jumped from the top of the ladder to the stage. Down the aisle he went and through the front door with the Spider hot on his trail.

Thomas was a better runner than fighter and the Spider gave up the chase after a block.

The manager was furious, claiming that a rival show man had put up a job to ruin him, and that he could never again use his chief attraction. He didn't want to part with the $25, but it was forthcoming when the Spider stuck his jaw out and said:

"We did this because we need eats

The Manager Was Angry

—and if you don't come across I'll start to eat by taking a bite out of you."

Vinez Has Fought 470 Battles

(*Continued from page* 14)

through the rise of the young miner from Hamilton and are ready to back him against the world. Tommy is by way of being clever, for he outpointed the clever Lewis, and he is by way of being a hitter, for he outhit the hitting Lewis.

The bantamweight title of Europe is held by Montreuil, a Belgian. How he would rate with Eddie Martin I am not ready to say. I am not so enthusiastic over the European boxers below Mascart's class. Among the middleweights there is a muddle. The International Federation recognizes Charles, the French boxer, as the champion, but England possibly has a man or two who might beat the French fighter.

The light heavyweight title lies in abeyance since the departure of Battling Siki to the United States—and we over here don't mind its being in abeyance.

The outlook is for a most interesting and healthy development in European boxing in the next year. The sport over there would get a tremendous impetus through a victory over an American star. That impetus I believe will come when Mascart whips Kaplan and sends the featherweight title back to Europe.

Boxers and Alibis

(*Continued,* 1925, *The Ring, Inc.—All Rights Reserved*)

THE messenger boy with the delayed telegram, after stopping on the corner to watch a lively game of dice, tells an elaborate story about helping an old lady with a suitcase. The waiter lays the blame for the warm grape-fruit and the cold toast on the cook, and the cook—well—.

The boss explains that business is remarkably rotten when the wage slave broaches that delicate matter so dear to his heart. Even Eliza, if one gives the matter thought, had an excellent excuse for crossing the ice.

There are explanations offered for almost everything.

But when a boxer embraces that section of the mat he should be standing on, he, being a rather picturesque character, offers an alibi which makes all others sound like a minister's reason for appearing late at a Sunday school picnic.

So, down through history, come unique excuses for defeat.

* * *

THE credit for the most artistic alibi ever offered goes to Kid McCoy, whose real name is Norman Selby, and who is now awaiting trial for murder. Selby was one of the cruellest and craftiest men who ever scrambled through the ropes.

Sporting records catalogue the bare information that in 1894, while basking in his full glory, he was stopped in one round by an unknown. The man in question was Billy Steffers, idol of a small "oil-lamp" town, who met the champion in the local "opry house."

The Kid was touring the circuit, agreeing to stop all comers in four rounds in each town he visited. He was in poor condition, because of a long-continued celebration—he was expert in such matters—and he was worried.

So he took precautions. He had a man stationed behind the dingy theater back-drop, armed with a large and effective mallet. Whenever he felt he was going under, or that the eggs he gathered were too tough to crack, he rushed them so that their backs were against the drop.

With his left hand, he firmly pushed their chins in the air, making a dent in the curtain. The man with the hammer, on seeing the dent, swung with unerring and deadly accuracy. As the blow from behind the curtain fell, the Kid feinted to the jaw with his right and the whole thing looked quite natural.

When the "sucker" awoke, he never suspected, for he never knew what happened.

In this particular town, a booing and hissing crowd met the train which bore the Kid. There was much excitement. Steffers was the idol of the community, and had laid every aspirant in the county on the mat with little effort.

When McCoy reached the hotel where he was stopping, he demanded that one of his retainers step out and find out something about this man who was receiving the plaudits of the crowd. The retainer returned shortly, his eyes wide.

"The guy is about six feet and a half tall, works as a laborer in a mill, and he's got a swing like a horse," he reported.

McCoy took a man-sized "snifter," thought a moment and then ordered:

"Get the apparatus ready."

The Kid was taking no chances. A few hours later he dressed and slipped over to the old "opry house" to see that everything was set. He found it was. The musty old curtain was close to the ring.

* * *

OUTSIDE, a group of rustics heckled and barked, denouncing the champion and cheering Steffens. The doors were thrown open and they tramped inside. They hissed and stamped.

"Funny thing," remarked the man who was to swing the mallet, "they're usually with you, but this time it's different."

"That's all right," replied the boxer, with a crafty look. "They'll be yelling for me in a minute."

McCoy swaggered into the square, handed his opponent the leering grin for which he was famous, and coolly eyed the crowd behind the flickering footlights. The place was packed with a perspiring, enthusiastic mob of workers, who had bet most of their small change that Billy would last the limit.

The bell rang after a minute had passed, and the fun began. McCoy opened strongly with a few heavy shots that glanced off the head of his opponent. He bored in. Cocky, confident, swinging heavily, he pushed him back against the drop. The hulking giant looked ready to pick him up and spank him.

McCoy caressed his chin, and his head marked the drop. The Kid swung.

Crack!

He might just as well have hit a statue. The blow from behind just jarred Steffers so that he realized what was up.

The bedlam of voices rose as the spectators saw the punch drunk expression flit across the face of their idol. They saw his knees bend and tighten. Then they saw him take the Kid by the neck.

"So that's how you do it, huh?"

McCoy went into the curtain, and his

(*Continued on page* 17)

THE OLD TIMER
By RAY HOPPMAN

THE old-time fight fan scorns the present,
He speaks of the stars of the past,
He sticks to the ways of the old sporting days,
And clings to his arguments fast.

He won't give the least bit of credit
To present-day champs of the ring;
He will not admit they can battle a bit,
He concedes not one single thing.

"Joe Gans could have whipped Benny Leonard
Together with Johnny Dundee,
And mighty John L. could have made Dempsey yell
With one little wallop," claims he.

Now the past sure produced wonder fighters—
That's a fact that no one will dispute—
But we've lads in the game who can fight just the same,
The most critical fight fan to suit.

But the old-time fan cannot see it—
He lives in the old long ago—
He can't see a thing in our champs of the ring,
But some day he'll wake up, we know.

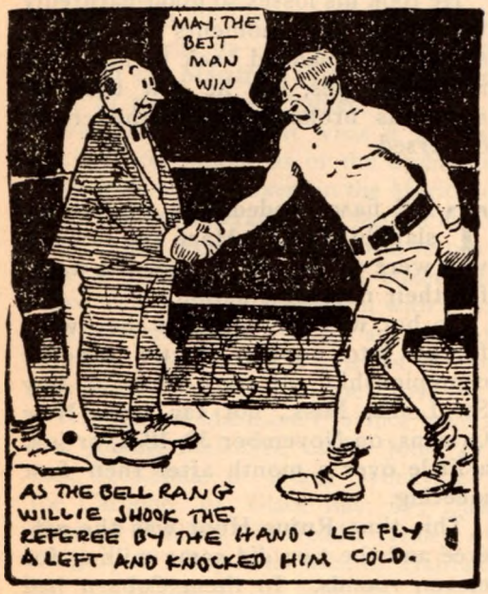
Just An Earful

(New York Evening Journal's Famous Cartoonist and Sports Expert—Used by Permissic)

By TAD

WHEN Willie Lewis went to Paris some years ago to start boxing in the big Frogeaters' town, he was a novice at the drinking game and rarely touched anything but the old suds of George Ehret.

He went over with Dan McKetrick and was matched to meet a young



French welter at one of the smaller clubs. Willie trained hard, got into pretty good condition, and on the afternoon of the battle sat in front of a big cafe to rest and take in the sights.

Some French sportsmen came along, sat alongside our hero and started to talk fight. One of them ordered a round of drinks, and they bulled Willie into lapping up some absinthe. Not being aware of the awful kick in that powder, Willie went after it like a hound. He thought it was a sweet temperance drink and waded into eight or nine.

The night of the fight he walked along half dazed with Dan McKetrick. He was stripped and in the ring before he knew it. Things seemed smoky and he didn't hear or see things as usual.

The referee called the men to the center. McKetrick did the talking. Willie says the next thing he knew a bell rang and he walked over, shook hands with the referee and knocked him for a goal.

An hour later the referee was all right again and Willie swung at the guy he saw in the middle of the trio for six rounds. It was a draw.

* * * *

OVER in Brooklyn a few years ago when Jack Dillon pumped Tom Cowler full of hot shot, there was one man near the ringside who pulled off the greatest piece of acting ever seen in that town.

That man was Jim Corbett, the discoverer of Cowler, the booster of the man mountain, the man who felt Cowler's defeat more than anyone in the joint.

Well, here's the story: Corbett was sore at Cowler for not training, but was very, very anxious for him to win. He sat near Cowler's corner during the quarrel and as Tom flopped to the canvas for the count Corbett jumped up.

He was so peeved that he could have chewed up a few bottles. He gritted his teeth and wanted a pistol to shoot Cowler, but just as the referee counted ten, Jim

clapped his hands with the rest of them and said, "Good boy, Jack." Two or three fellows back of Jim whispered:

"THERE'S THE BEST LOSER I EVER SAW," and all the time INSIDE, Corbett could have boiled Cowler in oil without even changing his expression.

Boxers and Alibis—(*Continued from page* 16)

chin went up. Behind, a nonplussed mallet-swinger stood poised for another blow. The head dented the curtain.

The champion's hands dropped limply to his sides. A comic-page grin planted itself on his features. A moment later, he was on his face. Ten minutes later he was brought back to the realm of the living.

"Say," was his first conscious moan, "was that guy's head a billiard ball?"

Later, the Kid told the story, and fiction, plays, and moving pictures have been built around it ever since.

* * *

BACK in July, 1907, in Jimmy Coffroth's Mission Street Arena, San Francisco, one Jimmy Britt, long, lean and powerful, gained the decision over Battling Nelson in twenty rounds. Nelson previously had knocked out Britt in eighteen rounds and was quite confident of the outcome.

"I'll finish him off in no time," Nelson told Coffroth, who is now manager of the Tia Juana race track. "He's easy. I'll beat him around the body, the way I did before."

But, as the crowd entered the arena, the tide changed, and it was Nelson who wished he had no stomach. There was a third party in the fight. It was a cow. The cow licked Nelson, and not Britt, if one heeds Nelson's tale.

A few months before the fight, the animal, which was not even pedigreed, roamed a range and chewed her cud. But she passed through packing house processes and part of her finally emerged in the shape of a large, luscious T-bone steak.

Nelson ate it.

Four hours later he was in the ring, hammering away at Britt. But he hammered for just so long, when he began to see nice, raw, juicy pieces of meat hovering about him. Britt was countering with waist-high blows, which made the phantasies more real.

Nelson became weaker and less capable each round, and when the gong rang in the twentieth, he had to be carried out of the ring.

Later, he told this story. To many, thereafter, he was "T-Bone" Nelson.

The Mace-Coburn Fiasco

Chapter 9 in the Reminiscences of a Veteran Sportsman

By AL SPINK
Dean of American Boxing Experts

THERE were some strange and ludicrous happenings on the occasion of the fight for the heavyweight championship of the world in which Jem Mace, of England, and Joe Coburn, of New York, were the principals.

It was in 1869 that Jem Mace, accompanied by his cousin, Pooley Mace, came across the pond. Jem had challenged the winner of the John C. Heenan-Tom Sayers fight, but when it was declared a draw he offered to meet either of the principals of the international battle. They ignored his challenge.

Then Mace laid claim to the title of world's champion, and coming to this country he boxed several splendid exhibitions with Heenan.

Then, challenged by Tom Allen, Mace went to New Orleans and whipped Tom in a battle for the championship and $2,500 a side.

Joe Coburn was one of Allen's seconds on this occasion and, jealous of the gypsy's success with Allen, he challenged him, and Mace accepting, a fight was arranged to take place at a point in Canada near Fort Erie.

A PROPELLER loaded to the guards left Buffalo for Canada just before midnight on May 11, 1871. When the boat reached the Canadian side it could find no regular landing place and most of the passengers jumped into the lake and waded or swam ashore. Several were nearly drowned, among them Joe Elliott, then the veteran sporting editor of the New York Herald.

A party who had brought stakes and ropes got busy and pitched the 24-foot ring on a piece of pretty green turf.

They did this in the night and with the aid of lanterns borrowed from the crew of the propeller. While they worked a crowd of toughs stood around and watched them.

Coburn had brought his New York gang with him and Mace had with him a choice selection of bruisers, headed by Owney Geoghegan, New York's greatest rough-and-tumble fighter.

During the night fights between the rival partisans were numerous and they did not end until daylight, when the principals entered the ring.

DICK HOLLYWOOD, bantam champion of America at the time and who years later was chief of detectives at Indianapolis, was chosen referee, and with a baby howitzer in his hip pocket he entered the ring and declared himself for a square deal all around.

Close to Coburn's corner there assembled as choice a bunch of cutthroats as ever scuttled a ship, all armed and threatening the Mace end. The Englishman did not lack for supporters of the same sort.

Here were two of the greatest boxers that ever entered the ring, each as clever as could be and each knowing the other's strong points.

The man who led was sure to get the worst of it and, knowing this, each man held his own ground and refused to open hostilities. The crowd cheered and taunted, but the unwilling principals simply stood still in their respective corners and glared at each other.

After the drink Coburn asked Jem why he did not come out of his corner and fight like a man, and Mace hurled back the question. They had been in the ring an hour and a quarter without striking a blow, when suddenly a score of men in military garb and mounted on draft horses were seen advancing toward the ring.

At their head was a very stout old gentleman on a great gray charger. He wore a cocked hat with an ostrich feather in it, and was garbed in the uniform of a British general, although he was only the high sheriff. From his golden belt hung a finely mounted scabbard in which rested his sword. Behind him were a score of mounted men, all like their leader in military garb.

THERE was consternation as this company halted at the ringside and more anxiety when their leader declared himself high sheriff and drew from his pocket a parchment on which was written an order to arrest and an injunction to stop all prize fighting on Canadian soil. As the old gentleman read some one of the Geoghegan gang swiped his sword. When the high sheriff had finished reading he felt for his sword, and finding it gone, said:

"A pretty way to treat a gentleman after he has taken hours to make a trip he could easily have made in a few minutes and telling my deputies to go as slowly as possible so as to give you plenty of time to finish up your business."

Then he got down from his charger and chatted with Mace, Coburn and their followers. A few moments later he felt for his watch and, finding it gone, too, he shouted:

"And by the Lord Harry they've also taken my watch!"

He took his losses so good-naturedly that in a few moments watch and sword were handed back to him with neat apologies, but he saw that the ring was broken up and the crowd dispersed.

THE fiasco ended in a fearful onslaught on both Mace and Coburn, who were denounced all over the world for their miserable action.

So hot was the fusillade they were forced into another battle for the championship. It took place at Bay St. Louis, Miss., not far from New Orleans, on November 30, 1871, or just a little over a month after their first meeting.

This time Rufus Hunt was the referee and the two did some milling for eleven rounds. In them Coburn had the advantage and Mace, seeing this, began backing up again and refused to come out of his corner.

In the twelfth round while the two were glaring at each other and pursuing the tactics they had employed in their previous meeting, the referee declared the fight a draw, saying that "one was afraid and that the other daren't."

This battle wound up the career of the wonderful gypsy. He was at this time in his fortieth year, and though at one time conceded by all the cleverest boxer living, he was now lacking the vitality, speed and strength to put away his opponent.

GIVE US YOUR OPINION

THE RING stands for all that is honest in the field of boxing. Its progressive policy has gained for it thousands of readers.

Boxing Veterans in Maritime Provinces

Eastern Canada Has Host of Old Boys and Issues Challenge to Any Other Section of Fistic World

By JACK MASON

WHEN Bob Fitzsimmons went into the ring at the age of 50 there was quite a furore all over the fistic world. Bob was a sensation. But we of the Maritime Provinces up in Eastern Canada think nothing of boxers of 50 putting on the gloves with younger opponents—and rivals almost as old. For the Maritime Provinces are the home of the seasoned fighter.

We don't know just what it is—the air, the local conditions or the traditions—but most of the boxers in the Maritime Provinces are veterans. We issue a challenge to any section of the world to produce a team of professional boxers in active training and competition with even an approach to the average age of our fighters. Just gaze over this list of the ages of the fistic lights of the Provinces:

The ages of Maritime Province boxers are: Johnny McIntyre, of St. John, 29; Jack McKenna, of North Sydney, 24; Joe Carbone, of Glace Bay, 25; Dick Hunt, of Halifax, 33; Nedder Healey, of Halifax, 29; Roy Chisholm, of Halifax, 36; Joe Irvine, of St. John, 44; George Latham, of Halifax, 50; Billy Parsons, of North Sydney, 47; George Wright, of Westville, 26; Joe Hartnett, of Halifax, 24; Gordon Paris, of St. John, 30; Frankie Burns, of Sydney, 40; Jimmy Galvin, of Halifax, 27; Mickey Morris, of Halifax, 28; Roddie McDonald, of Glace Bay, 48; Johnny Gillis, of Glace Bay, 36; Mickey McVeigh, of Inverness, 30; Bobby Smith, of New Waterford, 37; Tom Barrett, of St. John, 45; Billy Groff, of Fredericton, 30; Andy Palmer, of Kentville, 33, and Charlie McDonald, of Halifax, 35.

WE feel quite sure that our challenge will go unanswered. Don't for a moment believe that our veterans are a lot of has beens. Boxers from the United States who have come up to St. John and Halifax looking for easy money have been disillusioned by our old boys. The vets of the Maritime Provinces can sock.

However, we do feel that something should be done up our way to develop the younger talent. Local sentiment is not what it should be toward boxing. The leading newspaper of St. John, for example, refuses to carry any boxing news. This is unjust and thoroughly out of kilter with the times.

The youngest boxers of note in the Provinces are 24 years old. They are Joe Hartnett, of Halifax, and Jack McKenna, of North Sydney. We should have some 20 year old fighters and more of the 22 and 23 year old class. The material is there and the spirit will be developed in time.

How Times Have Changed!

RECOLLECT Casper Leon? The old time bantamweight, who inscribed his name in the pugilistic Hall of Fame by holding the invincible Jimmy Barry to four draws in the days when fighters were fighters, is now racking up billiard balls for a living in a New York City cue academy.

Casper is now fifty-two years old. And he looks good for his age. He likes hard work and isn't ashamed to do his bit behind a billiard table.

When Leon was in his heyday he used to punch the boys around to his heart's delight. He only scaled 105 pounds, yet for his light weight he more than held his own with 116 and 118 pounders.

He was born and raised in Palermo, Italy, where a great majority of crack Italian fighters either first saw the light of day or their parents came from the southern part of Italy.

Back in 1891 Casper laced on his first glove. And he was a sensation right off the reel. Nine years later he had reached his peak. He represented Father Knickerbocker in many historic encounters. Perhaps his twenty-round battle against Barry in Chicago is still talked about wherever oldtimers gather.

In all Leon fought more than 250 fights and was knocked out only three times.

The biggest purse Casper received was $800. It will be remembered that Joe Lynch during his reign as bantam king made more than a quarter of a million dollars.

How times have changed!

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As We See It

Crisp Comment on Current Ring Problems

By NAT FLEISCHER

Publisher and Editor of THE RING

Leonard Emulates McAuliffe

IN the retirement of Benny Leonard, world's lightweight champion, boxing has lost one of the finest, cleanest, cleverest boxers that ever graced a roped square. Urged to quit by a devoted mother who found the strain of battle too great to overcome, Benny relieved her torture by emulating the great Jack McAuliffe. Like McAuliffe, Leonard now takes his place in ring history as the undefeated, retired world's lightweight champion.

Leonard's action, coming at a time when a million dollars were within his grasp, did not come as a surprise. Benny intimated almost a year ago that he felt the time had arrived for him to make a decision either to endanger the life of his mother who constantly worried about her boy during training periods and during a battle, or to sacrifice a ring career which still had much to offer him in the way of glory and compensation for the smaller role of vaudeville actor. That he cast his lot with the latter, brings a world of commendation for Leonard and still further endears him to the hearts of those who admired him for his fighting ability, his cleverness, and above all, for his gentlemanly behavior both in and out of the ring.

* * * * *

Great Loss to Ring

THE ring can ill afford to lose a man like Leonard. He was of the Christy Mathewson type. Courageous, above reproach, unscarred, a brilliant boy with quick thinking powers, Leonard stood forth as a lesson to American boyhood.

Like Matty, Benny was worshipped by the youth of the land. Just as the boys tried to emulate "Big Six" on the diamond, so the youth of the land tried to emulate the deeds of the Mighty Leonard wherever boxing was taught. He was an idol among all, regardless of creed or color and he goes out of the field of active competition with the well wishes of every fight fan of the nation.

* * * * * *

THERE are two outstanding fights in Leonard's career—one on the night he landed the haymaker on Freddy Welsh and won the championship, and the other when he ought Ritchie Mitchell for the Ann Morgan's Fund for Devastated France. The scenes on both occasions were among the wildest ever seen at a contest in this country. In his fight with Welsh, Benny demonstrated his mastery in such a manner as to be proclaimed the world over the equal of Joe Gans, and in the bout with Mitchell he added to his reputation by a marvelous exhibition of gameness, cleverness and punching power.

Floored three times in the first round, Mitchell arose the last time reeling and all but out. Suddenly, like a flash from the sky, the beaten Milwaukee boxer raised his right and let loose a blow that struck with the force of a thunderbolt and sent Leonard down. Fortunately Benny's head did not hit the floor and he arose at the count of seven in a very dazed condition. Mitchell tried hard to send over the finishing blow, but without avail.

For four rounds Leonard, fighting like a drunken man, could not properly regain his senses, but in the sixth his reasoning powers returned, and with a fusillade of rights, Benny went after his opponent unmercifully and knocked out the fighter who had come within three seconds of winning a crown and a million dollars that would have gone with it.

These two bouts in my opinion were Leonard's greatest, although Benny declares that the hardest fight and the most thrilling he ever fought was with Evers Hammer, a battle recently described in The Ring.

* * * * *

LEONARD'S career reads like an Horatio Alger tale. Born of poor parents, he decided to take up fighting as a vocation. His start was not rosy, but he was determined and continued despite two severe setbacks. Tom McArdle discovered him trying to crash the gate at the old Fairmont Club. Instead of chasing him, Tom gave him a few fights. Tom saw a diamond in the rough and he turned Leonard over to Gibson.

From that day to this Gibson and Benny have been inseparable pals. There was no contract or written agreement between them; their word was their bond.

Over a stretch of thirteen years Leonard fought more than 200 battles. He dethroned Freddie Welsh in May, 1917, knocking him out in nine rounds, at Manhattan Casino. He will be twenty-nine years of age on April 7 next. He was born in 1896 on the lower east side, one of five brothers.

Early in his career Benny was flattened twice, four rounds by Joe Shugrue in 1912 and five by Frankie Fleming almost a year later.

Leonard discovered he had a punch when he laid low Gene Moriarity in three rounds back in 1915. But it was not until he flattened Joe Mandot in seven a few weeks later that he came into instant prominence.

He fought only one fight last year and that a ten-rounder with Pal Moran in Cleveland. He injured his right thumb hitting Moran on the head, and the injury cancelled his welter titular duel with Mickey Walker at the Yankee ball park.

One of his greatest feats was a fifteen-round decisive victory over Lew Tendler on July 23, 1923. He not only solved Tendler's southpaw delivery, but boxed rings around him and floored him in the thirteenth round.

He went out of his class in 1922, and lost on a foul in twelve rounds to Jack Britton.

Next to Jack Dempsey, Leonard is the wealthiest boxer that ever laced on a glove. His fortune is in six figures and is variously estimated at between $550,000 and $800,000. More than half of this amount he has wisely invested in railroad first mortgage gold bonds.

* * * * *

The Lightweight Tournament

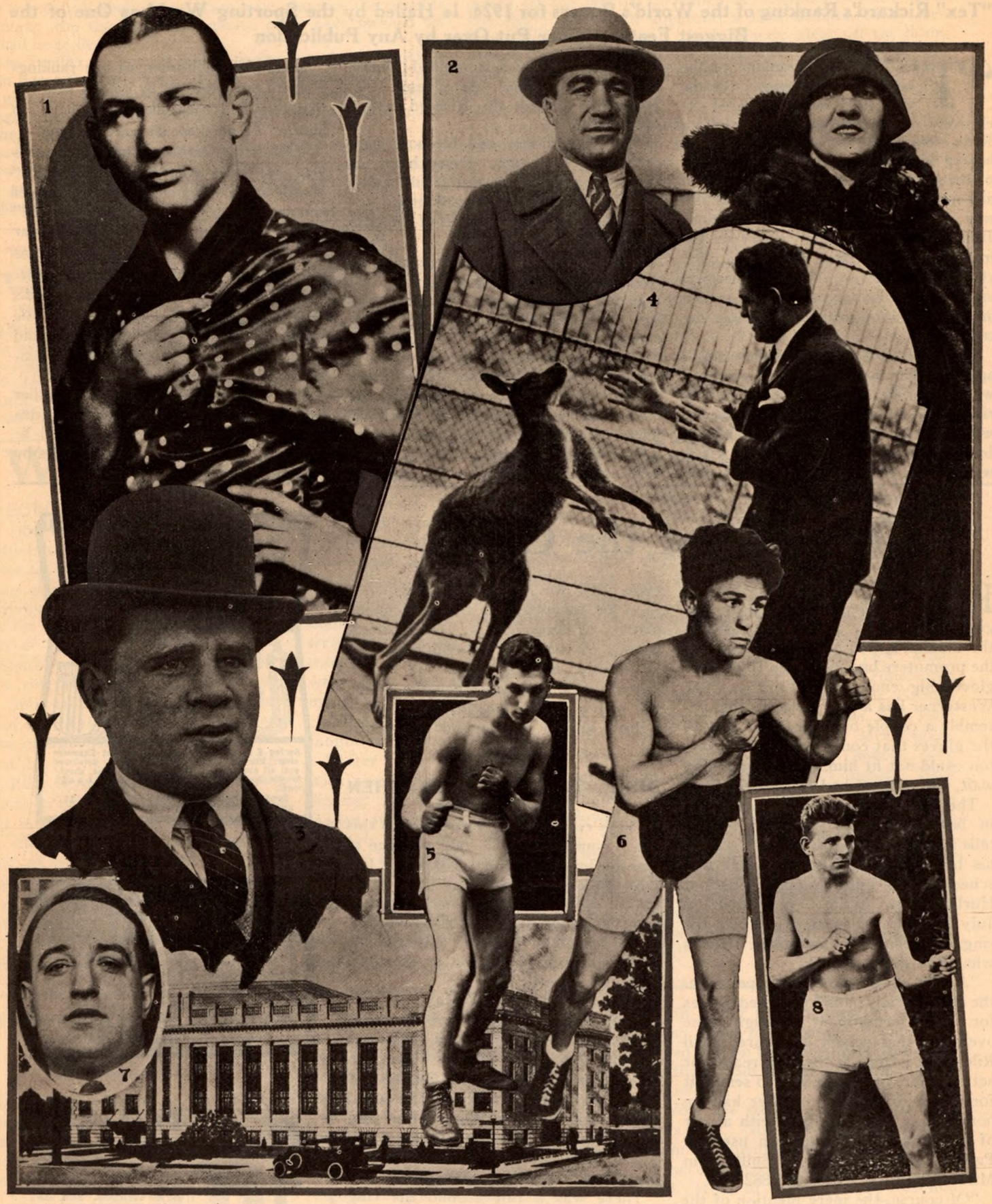
FROM many quarters has come criticism of the action of the New York State Boxing Commission in announcing an elimination tournament for the world's championship of the lightweight class. Some of the critics have declared that it is not within the province and power of the New York body to decide who shall be the incumbent of the championship made vacant through the retirement of Benny Leonard.

The editor of The Ring is heart and soul with the New York Commission. It is a body with initiative,—and that's what is needed in American boxing. The National Boxing Federation is a well meaning organization but it lacks power and influence. It is not a real national association and everybody here and abroad realizes that fact.

Instead of lying back and waiting in vain for others to organize a world tournament the New York Commission stepped right in and announced itself. Suppose Theodore Roosevelt had waited for others to start the Panama Canal? He lacked official authority but he stepped right in and did things without waiting to unwind red tape.

The action of the New York Commission has been upheld by the Pennsylvania State Board, which is a

Snapped by Our Cameraman in a Tour of the World



1—*Benny Leonard as he appears in stage attire;* 2—*Johnny Dundee and his wife as they appeared on their return from a tour of Europe;* 3—*Alf Simmons, British lightweight in our midst;* 4—*Luis Firpo in training with a Kangaroo;* 5—*Lew Tendler whose retirement was forced by knockout at hands of Jack Zivic;* 6—*Edouard Mascart, featherweight champion of Europe, who knocked out Danny Frush in two rounds;* 7—*New Washington, D. C., Sports Arena, with Frank Dane, president, in insert—this arena was opened on February 17;* 8—*Tommy Milligan, of Scotland, welterweight champion of Europe.*

THE RING Scores a Big Hit

"Tex" Rickard's Ranking of the World's Boxers for 1924 Is Hailed by the Sporting World as One of the Biggest Features Ever Put Over by Any Publication

"TEX" Rickard's ranking of the boxers of the world for the year 1924, which appeared exclusively in the February issue of THE RING, was hailed by sporting men and boxing writers all over America as one of the greatest features ever published in any magazine. The editor of THE RING was overwhelmed with congratulations from all sections of the country on the magazine's enterprise in obtaining a sport classic which developed more discussion and brought more commendation than any other feature printed in the last decade.

No sooner had the Rickard tabulations appeared than the promoter was swamped with flattering financial offers for the rights in future rankings. However, when Rickard agreed to make his ratings for 1924 he also agreed that THE RING was to have exclusive rights to this feature just as long as he continued to make the annual selections. As a result THE RING will publish the Rickard ratings every year.

Next winter they will be more comprehensive than ever. Every boxer of any prominence in the world will be followed closely through a card index system which will form the basis of the 1925 tabulations.

The 1924 lists received more publicity than any other similar feature in the history of American sport. The rankings were broadcast by the Associated Press through the courtesy of THE RING and got more space than Walter Camp's All America football selections. The furore created by the feature demonstrated the hold which boxing has on the sport followers of this country and the high regard in which Rickard's judgment is held in all matters pertaining to the ring.

After the publication of the rankings Rickard was besieged by boxers who felt that they had been slighted or held too lightly. To all these he had one reply:

"Go out and do some real fighting this year and better your ranking for 1925." Words alone will not elevate you or get you any big purses. All of you — fight!"

This statement brought many a star out of his shell. Mike McTigue, who was rated fourth among the light heavyweights in spite of his holding the world's title, immediately announced that he would stop sidestepping contenders and would start a real campaign of competition in his own class.

The editor of THE RING has other treats in store for the readers of this magazine. The Rickard feature will be followed by other outstanding articles by big men in boxing.

They Forgot the Gloves

RECENTLY, in Dayton, Ohio, a bout between Mike Conroy, the giant Westerner, and Romero-Rojas, the Chilian, had to be called off because the promoters had forgotten to provide gloves big enough for Conroy. The Westerner has a pair of hands that resemble a couple of large hams and all the gloves that could be found in Dayton could not fit him. So, after a long wait, the contest had to be called off.

The situation has had many parallels in boxing history. Battling Nelson tells an interesting story of that sort in his book of reminiscences. Bat was scheduled to fight Mickey Riley at Hurley, Wis., in the Copper Belt, on July 24, 1903. The men got into the ring, and there were no gloves. Here's what Bat says about it:

"A very funny incident happened, as the club officials hadn't provided gloves for the entertainment, through some oversight that wasn't discovered until Riley and I were in the ring ready for action. We, of course, had to send out for a pair of old ones. After half an hour's wait they returned with a pair of old gloves that had been used by Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan in Mississippi City, Miss., in 1882.

"Of course, the mere mention of the old-time gladiators using the gloves stirred our blood up to a fighting pitch, and how we did tear, maul and slam each other for fifteen rounds will not soon be forgotten in the old copper district of Hurley, Wis. After fifteen rounds of the most gruelling as well as bloody milling, with the battle swaying first one way, then the other, the referee at its conclusion called it a draw amidst tremendous applause."

DIXIE TOOK A FLIER—THEN WENT TO JAIL

THE return of the Dixie Kid to this country after a long absence in Europe brings to mind a bout he had with Billy Hurley at Glens Falls, N.Y., back in 1909. The negro welterweight went aviating out of a ring without much ceremony and not only got severely bruised but a trip to the local jailhouse as well.

It came about this way: In the fourth round of what was to have been a six rounder, Hurley, who was getting the worst of the argument, seized the negro about the middle and hurled him out of the ring. The roped square was a rather flimsy affair and as the kid went hurtling through the Glens Falls ambient he carried the ropes and the posts with him.

There was a riot around the ring and some of the local citizens got a bruising. Then the police stepped in and locked up the battlers.

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AS WE SEE IT (EDITORIAL)

(*Continued from page* 21)

to an unmerciful beating and there were many at the ringside that night who thought that Leonard could have finished his man had he so desired.

Now Tendler is face to face with the bitter truth which is driven home to nearly every fighter if he remains in the ring long enough—the fact that he is through. He failed to achieve the lightweight title and he failed to make his mark as a welterweight.

But Tendler has some balm for his boxing disappointment. He owns property in Philadelphia and need not worry. Others have gone from the ring with nothing to fall back on, but Tendler was wise in his heyday.

* * * * * *

Tiger Flowers' Fall

THE victory of Jack Delaney over Tiger Flowers in Madison Square Garden last month has put the Bridgeport boxer in the front ranks of the middleweights and has earned for him the right to fight Harry Greb for the world's championship.

No bout ever fought in the famous Garden arena was more sensational than the two-round knockout of the Atlanta negro by his Bridgeport opponent. Delaney proved himself a master boxer and a hitter with a terrific punch by the manner in which he disposed of the Tiger. His short right hand uppercut, a blow designated by Delaney as a half uppercut, lifted Flowers clear off the floor, caused him to fall with his knees bent under him, as the photograph of the battle printed elsewhere in this number will show, and made the negro helpless and senseless for more than five minutes.

It was an amazing finish, one that will long linger in the memories of the 13,500 spectators who packed every inch of available space in Tex Rickard's show house. Flowers proved a real Tiger in the opening round in which he swiftly and fearlessly pursued his opponent and made all kinds of vicious swings on Delaney's body, but Delaney, cool as a cucumber, with a perfect defense, waited for the opening which was soon to come and when it did arrive only one blow was required to temporarily halt the sensational career of the Georgian deacon.

It was a costly ten-second sleep for Flowers. That one blow of Delaney's eliminated the Tiger from a championship bout with Greb and brought on the cancellation of three other lucrative bouts for which Flowers would have obtained at least $30,000.

Such is fame! A champion one night, a "has-been" the next.

When McAuliffe Fought Billy Myer

GEORGE G. MACKENZIE, a sportsman from Chicago and prominent business man of that city, writes to THE RING informing us that he has enjoyed every article written by Al Spink in his series of Reminiscences because they bring back to him memories of bygone days.

"Speaking of the story of Mr. Spink's train ride to Mississippi City to see the Sullivan and Ryan fight, reminds me of a wild ride we had on the snowy night of February 23, 1889, to see the great battle between Jack McAuliffe and Billy Myer," says Mr. Mackenzie. "There are probably many readers of your international magazine, incidentally the best ever published on the sport of boxing, who will recall this fight.

"About 250 dyed-in-the-wool fight fans, each possessing a $20 ticket, gathered at Parson Davies' Vestibule Buffet at Havlin's Theatre alley to receive the tip from the Parson where to take the train to 'somewhere over the Indiana line' to see the McAuliffe-Myer lightweight championship bout. While waiting for the starting hour, we all partook of some of the fine brands of the real juice and then we were told to separate and meet on the tracks at Polk Street, Chicago. There were four cars waiting for us and many fight fans who had no tickets climbed through the windows or fought their way into these cars.

"After many arguments and stops, with sweet-voiced Jimmie Connorton singing Irish ballads en route, we landed at North Judson, Ind., plowed through the deep snow until we reached the village theatre and buffet. The bar did a brisk but hurried business, then we trundled upstairs where the 'pikers' handed Billy Bradburn 'dummy' tickets and then crashed the gate.

"Mike McDonald was chosen referee and Dick Roche timekeeper. After the handshake, clean cut Harry Gilmore challenged the winner. Three times the sheriff tried to prevent the fight, but was prevented by some ruse. Among those present were:

"'Big Alf' Kennedy and his Streator crowd, Charley Wesley, Jack Montague, the Cougle boys, 'Handsome Johnnie' O'Leary, Mart Davis, George Maguire, 'Big Bob' Gibbons, Jack Garrity, Ald. Johnnie McCormick, 'Frenchy' Nichols, Harry Gibbons, Jack McAlpin, 'One-Eyed' Connolly, Vere Davies, Billy Fagin, John Condon, Charley Woppenstein, George Considine, and Billy Madden.

"As ring records show, the battle ended in a draw, after sixty-four rounds of desperate milling with skin gloves. The bout was for a $5,000 purse and the Police Gazette diamond belt."

WHEN THEY WERE A COUPLE OF KIDS

(*Continued from page* 12)

It was a picture no artist could paint, so some of the officials asked a newspaper photographer who happened to be on the grounds, to snap the playmates.

(Tears are rolling down our eyes as we are struggling through this story. If you know Bill and George you'll appreciate the humor of the thing).

In those good old days Bothner, one of the world's greatest wrestlers, was instructor at the Knickerbocker Club on Madison Avenue, and Brown, former boxing instructor and referee, but now owner of one of the leading health farms in the country, at Garrison, N. Y., was masseur at George Wood's gymnasium on West Twenty-eighth Street, for eleven years.

They used to travel together when Bothner was world's lightweight wrestling champion. George may not admit it but Bill put him on his back many times even though Bothner excelled him on the fine points of the mat pastime. But it was all done in good friendship.

Now the pair are prosperous business men. George conducts a gymnasium for business men, on West Forty-second Street, New York City, and Bill caters to the tired business man on his magnificent estate. Those days will never come back; they're gone forever!

An Interesting Letter from An Australian Fight Fan

[*Below is a letter from Alby Jackson, well known sportsman of Sydney, Australia, who, finding no mention of Australia in* THE RING, *reviews some of the doings of fighters of the Antipodes to prove that his land is entitled to space in our magazine. Unfortunately, we have not been able to obtain a correspondent in Australia, hence our negligence. However, we fully agree with Mr. Jackson, and as his letter might interest our readers, we have decided to publish it.—Editor's Note.*]

BEING a visitor to these shores, also a fight fan of other parts of the globe, and seeing your snappy little volume displayed here, I bought one and caroused its columns. It was great reading, until I came to the last page, THE RING's Compilation of World's Champions, and found that you missed something in not mentioning Australian title holders. Apparently the world is beginning to forget that it was Australia that sent over such wonderful fighters as Young Griffo, Bob Fitzsimmons, Frank Slavin, Dan Creedon, Geo. Dawson, Joe Goddard, aye, and many more, including the greatest ever, Peter Jackson.

Since 1908, Australia has been well on the boxing map. With the exception of McVea, Langford, Johnson, Burns and Criqui, every other boxer visiting Australia has met defeat in Australia by Australians. Included in the list are Jimmy Clabby, K. O. Brown, Eddie McGoorty, Billy Papke, Jeff Smith, Buck Crouse and Geo. Chip. All these except Papke fell before the sleep-producer administered by the late Les Darcy, who died as a result of inhuman treatment of your American critics. Prior to that, Ted (Kid) Lewis, Owen Moran, Matt Wells, Ray Bronson, Johnny Schragul, Johnny Summers, John Griffiths, Milburn Saylor, Joe Welling (and these are only a few), all met defeat by Australians, and by the short cut route.

Since then we have been visited by hundreds of Americans and others. There is only one instance I can recall of an undefeated arriving home—Billy Shade.

Going still further to prove that Australia deserves recognition in your magazine, the greatest ever published on pugilism, I might add that Ernie Goozeman, Mel Coogan, George Eagel, Bud Ridley, Freddy Jacks and others, all fair U. S. second-raters, were all defeated by Australians within the past three years. Just after the war, "Digger" Evans gave Jimmy Wilde a hard six-round fight with nothing between them.

Even Pancho Villa must admit we have good boxers, for it was "Australian" George Mendes who gave Pancho a terrific scrap in Manila. Mr. Editor, there is not one English boxer among the lighter division that would not meet defeat in Australia. And you could easily say the same of France.

It is unfortunate that Australians coming here are misrepresented by unscrupulous managers. Tracy, heralded as a champion of our country in the U. S. A., would make the dead kangaroo's awake. Also "Pitts" dubbed a champion. Ye gods! what an imposition on the Australian fistic fans.

Pugilistic Rhyme

TO THE WINNER

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

In the New York Evening Journal

IT'S fine to win a prize, my boy, to see
your dreams come true,
To feel with honest pride and joy that
man must notice YOU.
But while your friends are going mad
and raving o'er your play
Do you feel sorry for the lad whose
place you took today?

'Tis true your triumphs have been earned
in keen and brilliant strife
And that you used the tricks you
learned to win a place in life.
But after the great things you did to
win a laurelled brow
Do you feel sorry for the kid who
stood where you stand now?

Remember what he used to be until you
came along—
Think how he used to hear and see the
same old flattering throng!
I'll wish you all the thrills and joy that
follow in Fame's wake
If you feel sorry for the boy whose
place you had to take!

Forever it has been the same on Life's
great puzzling chart—
For every winner in the game some
loser broods apart.
And you deserve your triumph and will
climb a long, long way
If you feel sorry for the lad whose
place you took today!

THE FIGHT CROWD

By NORMAN DALY

I wonder who the people are,
That fill the darkened space;
And if they come from near or far
And why they seek this place?
I wonder does the prizefight bring
Happy moments for the night,
And if their hearts are glad, and sing—
As they watch the two men fight.

Some of them are the tired folk,
Toiling, toiling through their life,
And some there are whose souls awoke
To witness fellow-man's grim strife,
And some there are who came to see
The much heralded pugilist,
Others, applying psychology,
View the fighting through a mist.

They come for falls, they come for
spills—
They come to kill the "blues";
They come for fun, they come for
thrills—
They come to be amused.
And some are youth aflame, and some
Have journeyed long and far—
I often wonder whence they come,
And what their stories are!

THE TENTH RATER

By H. C. VAN BUSKIRK

This is no champ of whom I sing,
Nor even near a champ;
He's just a poor tenth-rater pug,
Who haunts the training camp.

A grim old war dog, badly scarred,
And not quite good enough
To fight his way from prelim scraps,
And win in big-time stuff.

And yet he's tasted Life's great cup,
And gamely played his part;
He gave his best in every fight,
And showed his fighting heart.

For every one can't be a champ,
And drink the froth of Fame;
But every one can do his best,
Fight clean, and play the game.

How Some of the "Old-Timers" Became Fighters

By BILL DOOLY

MOST of the present day fans of the fight game know how the present stars of the ring became fighters and their stepping stones to the padded ring. How Fred Fulton, the elongated, diving plasterer, was taken out of his chalky overalls and stuck in trunks and a jersey and labeled a "white hope"; how Jack Dempsey scrambled from "riding the rods" in hobohemia to private Pullmans via victorious encounters in hobo and lumber camps; how Lew Tendler, one time aspirant to Benny Leonard's crown, took a night off from selling newspapers in Philadelphia's downtown district to appear in the "preliminariest" prelim and surprised the cash customers by surviving; how "Mickey" Walker leaped from a pin setter's pit in a bowling alley to win the welterweight championship; and how Harry Wills, dusky son of Ham, rose from a stevedore to the most discussed heavyweight contender for Dempsey's crown.

It is perhaps the trend of the times that the ring artists today, for most part, are first of all business men. The lure of the big guarantees rather than a joy for combat is the lode-stone that attracts the youth of today to a career in the fight game. The "old-timers" were first of all "fighters"—the advance sale of tickets, the gate, or the box office receipts never interested them. Bouts were never postponed because of a "poor crowd," and very often they fought for next to nothing.

Franke Erne, who handed the lightweight championship to Jimmy Britt, started out in life in his father's fruit store in Buffalo, N. Y., long before the banana blight. It was the elder Erne's ambition that his son should learn the intricacies of waiting on the fussy housewives, but Frank was too fond of athletics, especially the prize-ring.

He proved to his fond pater that the shekels poured in easier and quicker through the turnstiles than the quarter-peck measure. Frank, however, had business acumen enough to send the major portion of his ring earnings home with a suggestion that the money be used to purchase a farm on which fruit could be raised. This was done and proved a money maker when Erne warbled his swan song in fistic circles.

Jimmy Britt, they used to say, was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. This because his father was a plumber. All of which proves that even in those days a plumber's lot was not one to be despised. Anyhow Jimmy was of a belligerent and bellicose nature, ever ready to toss his hat in the ring. But he didn't adopt a ring career until he was sure he had the goods and it required quite a campaign to assure him.

He started by licking a number of local lightweights in the home town, San Francisco, and then picked on a policeman to add variety to the campaign, winning the decision by knocking the John Law to dreamland. A little later he caused a sensation by knocking out a heavyweight, one Mike Collins, then boxing instructor at the Olympic Club. Collins made the mistake of referring to James as "the little dude," because James was affecting long hair at the time.

Then young Britt took a post-graduate course by frequenting the various resorts where boxers trained and by mixing with the best of them gained finesse and skill. Then nothing could stop him. He hunted out various professional fighters of his own weight, forced them into discussions and licked them one by one. Convinced at last that he could really fight, he entered the amateur championships and knocked out three men without shifting his sen-sen. When the amateur game palled he turned professional. He licked Kid Lavigne and some of the others who were going down a little from the top notch. Then he met and knocked out Frank Erne, winning the white lightweight championship.

Joe Choyinski, old rival of Corbett and Fitzsimmons, set out in life as cash boy in a store in San Francisco. After quitting the ring, Joe took a job in a large department store as a sporting goods salesman.

Benny Jordan was a plasterer before he adopted the ring for a livelihood and never forsook the trade. Jack Root started his wage earning career as a bricklayer in Chicago.

George Godfrey, "Old Chocolate," king of the negro heavyweights up Bawston way, was a window-sash and blind expert. When George wasn't fighting he worked at his trade and when he died, left a snug little fortune.

Frank Slavin was a miner before he entered the prize ring. In the very zenith of his career he disappeared and was later discovered in the Klondike following his old trade of mining. He was reputed to be one of the most successful miners in the north.

Real estate claimed "Philadelphia" Jack O'Brien as its own during his long and hectic career. Jack now has two gymnasiums, one in New York and the other in Philadelphia.

Joe Gans, as clever a lightweight as ever drew on a glove, set out in life as a clerk in a Baltimore fish market. That was during the time that "battles royal" were fought between the colored boys. The fish-clerk entered one and came out victorious and a fighter. Gans' battles with the rugged Dane, "Battling" Nelson, are epics of ring history. One of them, by the way, staged by Tex Rickard at Goldfield, Nevada, and for a purse of $34,000 marked the beginning of the golden era in the game and put Tex on the road to wealth.

Jack McAuliffe, famous fighter in his day, went to work in the same cooper shop in Brooklyn that Jack Dempsey, the "Nonpareil," had worked in. McAuliffe got his first chance to fight when Billy Madden gave his amateur boxing tournaments in New York. Jack was so successful in that that he became a professional and then champion of all the lightweights. Skelly and Terry McGovern also graduated from this same cooperage.

Terry McGovern credited Billy Newman with giving him his first start. Newman ran the old Polo Athletic Club in New York and used to give weekly shows, the affairs being held on Saturday nights. Newman was always on the lookout for new talent and one day received a visit from McGovern. Terry was a mite of a lad, undeveloped and green. He went on with a novice and did so well that Newman gave him a couple of more chances. Terry soon made a local reputation. His first real opportunity came when he fought George Munroe at Coney Island. Terry knocked Munroe for a row of ring posts and became a protege of Sam Harris.

The Truth in Pugilism

By CHARLES MATHISON

THE year 1924 will go down in the history of pugilism as a record year for boxing contests in which fouls were committed or fouls claimed by an opponent whose strength was at low ebb and who was on the verge of a knockout. The most notable of these occurrences is that in which Georges Carpentier and his wily manager, Francois Descamps claimed a foul when Georges was in great need ot help following a terrific body attack by Gene Tunney.

This bout, one of the outstanding contests of a poor crop of outdoor matches, drew considerable comment because of the assertions of Carpentier and Descamps when the alleged foul was struck, their change of statements immediately following in the dressing room and the still further change following twenty-four hours of contemplation. This contest is one that furnishes a heap of ammunition for those who ignore the facts of history or distort the facts to prevent a popular idol from being toppled from his pedestal.

If the history of pugilism were not so deplorably misleading many a fighter who is held high in popular esteem would be found to have feet of clay.

The records are replete with outrageous decisions by referees, with not even a question mark to indicate that the ruling was not correct. Boxers have been so thoroughly beaten that they could not leave their corners at the call of the referee, and yet the verdict has been that of drawn battle or in many instances a decision in favor of the beaten pugilist. Sullivan and McAuliffe were conspicuous examples of fighters so favored, and there are many others in the same category.

Yet when any writer on pugilism dares to call attention to these flaws in the performances of noted boxers, he is at once denounced as an iconoclast or something worse. Therefore,. in making an attempt to dissect the ring record of the great Georges Carpentier the writer realizes that it will provoke a storm of protest from those who do not make a distinction between his ring record and his reputation as a soldier and citizen of France.

It is not denied that Carpentier is a suave, polished gentleman and a credit to his native country. However, when a boxer's ability is being weighed, polish and suavity are not taken into consideration. What he does in the ring against his opponents is the only basis for estimating his pugilistic ability.

Although Carpentier fought in nearly every class of pugilism, beginning as a bantam, his early contests furnish no reliable data on his form, because his opponents were all Frenchmen and the time embracing that period in which boxing was in its infancy in that country. It was not until the first decade of 1900 that Carpentier met men whose records indicated they were capable fighters, and it was at this period that the Frenchman was in his prime as an athlete and as a boxer.

It becomes of interest to mention the names of the two middleweights who bowed to the superior skill of Georges. They were Willie Lewis and Jeff Smith, and Carpentier required 20 rounds in each case to win on points. Lewis and Smith at the time were fairly good boxers, but were not noted for aggressiveness. Carpentier first met a formidable fighter and boxer on August 29, 1911, when he faced Aaron L. Brown, of Fulton, Mo., in a bout scheduled for 20 rounds in Paris. Brown was a chocolate skinned negro, who had gone 20 rounds with Joe Walcott and received the decision of the referee at the end of 20 rounds in San Francisco in 1904.

The Dixie Kid also took the welter title that Walcott held at the time. It has been asserted that the Kid was not entitled to the decision, but it cannot be denied that any 140 pounder who could stay in the ring with Walcott for 20 rounds in those days must have possessed considerable ability. Possibly Carpentier's handlers were unaware of the Dixie Kid's pugilistic status. In any event they made the match and it furnished the voluble Descamps with an opportunity to register his first claim of foul against an American fighter.

The chance came in the fifth round, when the Dixie Kid, who had been outboxing and outhitting the Frenchman, suddenly dropped Georges to the floor with a hard shot to the pit of the stomach. At once Descamps and all the followers of Carpentier joined in an agonized screech of foul, and the referee was so terrified by the uproar and the threats of Carpentier's partisans that he admitted the blow was foul and gave the decision to the Frenchman.

Unfortunately for Georges, he did not win by his claim of foul, for a jury of prominent Parisian sportsmen who sat at the ringside declared that the blow was well above the belt. They brought the frightened referee to book and compelled him to reverse his decision and declare Dixie Kid the winner by knockout. So it stands in the record, and it is one of a very few similar instances in which justice has been done.

Despite the failure of the foul propaganda in the Dixie Kid battle, Descamps and Georges were by no means discouraged, and they pursued the same tactics in two bouts in 1912, and met with additional failure. Carpentier's first classy opponent of 1912 was Frank Klaus, of Pittsburg, who held the American middleweight title.

Klaus was a stocky, sturdy, combative person, with not enough boxing skill to arouse wild enthusiasm, but with an attack for the body that had discouraged many an ambitious middleweight. Klaus and Carpentier met at Dieppe, June 24, 1912, in a bout limited to twenty rounds, and during the greater part of the contest Carpentier outboxed the American and looked the winner.

Towards the end of the bout, Klaus began to weaken the Frenchman with savage jolts to the body, and Georges

(*Continued on page* 29)

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Gilmore Discusses Old Timers

By THE VETERAN

THEY gave Harry Gilmore, the old lightweight champion, a benefit in Chicago last month.

It was given to raise money to help Harry get to California, where he is going to locate permanently with his wife and family.

The day after the benefit Harry dropped in to Ferretti's gymnasium and I had a talk with him about the olden days when he and Jack McAuliffe and Billy Meyer were cock-of-the-walk in the light-weight brigade.

* * *

"Old John L. perhaps had more friends in Chicago than any of them," said Harry.

"But John L., in his prime, was the greatest of the big fellows, and was entitled to all the hero worship he received.

"Of the little fellows who made Chicago their home, I think little Jimmy Barry was the greatest.

"Although he weighed but 105 pounds, he would fight anyone. I remember a mill he took part in in a Chicago theater, in which little Jimmy showed his wonderful strength. He was then the bantamweight champion, and on this occasion he was to meet a fellow much bigger and broader.

"When the two came on the stage Jimmy looked like a baby alongside of his opponent. The announcer in introducing them said:

" 'This is Jimmy Barry, the welterweight champion.'

* * *

"The announcement made the bantamweight champion furious. He thought some sort of a job was intended and that a plan was on foot to rob him of his well-earned title.

"He thought that perhaps this big fellow would beat him and then claim his title. So at call of time Jimmy went at his opponent like a house on fire. Big as the other fellow was, Jimmy beat him at every turn.

"The beaten one could not understand Jimmy's tactics, thinking it was to have been a friendly turn. And when it was all over he demanded an explanation from Jimmy, but all the latter could say was:

" 'That fellow called me the welterweight champion. I won't let any man call me out of my name.' "

* * *

In the Gilmore-McAuliffe fight, Jack Dempsey admitted soon afterward that the scales were fixed so as to give McAuliffe an advantage in the weight.

Patsy Shepard two months later offered to back Gilmore against Ike Weir, the "Belfast Spider," at 122 pounds. That's what a lightweight Gilmore really was. Weir refused to accept the Gilmore challenge as soon as he discovered who the "unknown" was.

TRUTH IN PUGILISM

(*Continued from page* 28)

was soon on the defensive. The end came in the nineteenth round when Klaus sunk a wicked left into the pit of Carpentier's stomach and sent the French champion to the canvas.

Without waiting for the referee to count or make a decision, Descamps, shrieking "foul" at the top of his voice, rushed frantically into the ring, seized his dear Georges and dragged him to his corner. There he awaited the decision of the referee in favor of Georges. What the referee did was to disqualify Carpentier because of Descamps' invasion of the ring while the nineteenth round was in progress.

There was not the slightest doubt that Carpentier would have been counted out then and there had Descamps kept out of the ring, and the result would have been a knockout by Klaus in the nineteenth round. Instead the records read that Carpentier lost on a foul in round nineteen. By his victory in this bout Klaus made himself the world's champion middleweight, Carpentier at the time holding the championships of the class in France and Europe.

Once again in the year 1912 Descamps and Carpentier tried to win a fight by the foul route. Billy Papke, whose fame rested on a knockout of Stanley Ketchel, and whose hitting ability outclassed his boxing science, got a match with the Frenchman. The event was set for Paris, October 23, 1912, and strongly resembled the Klaus-Carpentier contest. Georges took a long early lead, and the Illinois Thunderbolt was working hard to get one of his swings to the body or jaw. Papke succeeded in the seventeenth round, Carpentier hitting the floor as the result of a heavy punch in the body. Once more the welkin rang with shrieks of "foul" from Descamps, but the referee was deaf to the claim. The bell sent Carpentier to his corner, but as he was unable to respond to the call for the eighteenth round, he was declared the loser. Under modern boxing rules he would have been declared knocked out in the seventeenth round, but the French records say he "lost" in seventeen rounds.

The tide turned in Georges' favor in 1914 when he got a decision of foul against Gunboat Smith in a bout in London. The Gunner had floored Georges and the latter was taking the count. Carpentier started to rise at eight, but dropped back just as Smith aimed a blow at the Frenchman. Smith's glove brushed George's well combed hair, and the referee declared it foul. The English are strict regarding fouls. Smith was too blame for standing over a fallen opponent.

There was no chance for Descamps to claim foul in the fourth round of the battle with Dempsey at Boyle's Thirty Acres in 1921, but in 1922 when Battling Siki dropped him for a count of ten, Descamps set up such a howl that the referee was influenced and Georges was declared the winner. Again leading sportsmen of Paris interfered and gave Siki the verdict, which reads that Georges was knocked out in the sixth round. His latest claim of foul against Tunney was disallowed. Carpentier won two notable victories in 1920, one of his victims being the celebrated Blink McClosky, and the other Battling Levinsky. To the writer, who witnessed the Carpentier-Levinsky bout, it appeared that the Battler was suffering from a severe attack of aphasia. As a result he had forgotten how to fight.

Summed up, Carpentier was beaten by all the middleweights of real ability, received the decision in a questionable affair with Levinsky, and has been outclassed by Gibbons and Tunney. In the heavyweight division he has triumphed over Joe Beckett and Bombardier Wells.

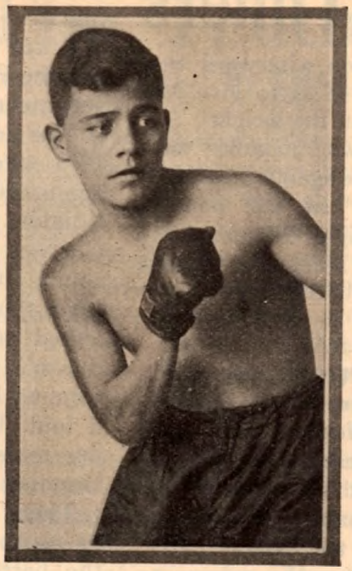
No Green in His Eyes!

ONE night Pete Prunty introduced Benny Leonard to the crowd at the old Star S. C. (now the Lenox S. C. of New York City) just before the main bout between Marty Collins and Jack Hausner. Needless to say, the champion was accorded a great ovation. Said Benny (all smiles):

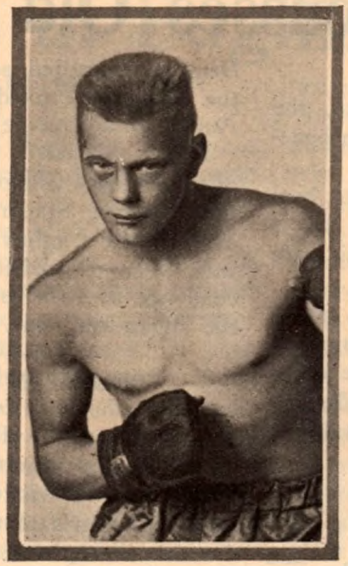
"I appreciate your kind applause and to show my gratitude, I'll put the gloves on with Pete for a few rounds." Answered Peter quickly and loudly, "I'm Irish, but there's no green in my eyes."

CHARLES FLEISHMAN.
917 Longwood Avenue, N. Y. City.

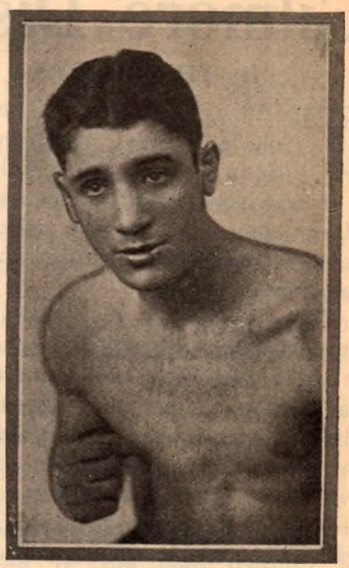
Joey Abrams, 118 pounds, anxious to box the best bantams in the country.



Davey Abad, flyweight champion of Central and South America.



Jack De Mave, Jersey's crack light heavyweight.



Charlie Feraci, stablemate of Sid Terris, a comer in the junior lightweight class.

Minute Rests Between Rounds

By EDDIE BORDEN

OVILA CHAPDELAINE, French-Canadian lad, better known in fistic circles as Jack Delaney, crushed another middleweight titular prospect in the person of Tiger Flowers, cullid gen-i-man from Brunswick, Ga., in most appropriate fashion, at Madison Sq. Garden, the evening of January 16. A right uppercut to the point of the chin delivered after thirty-three seconds of actual combat in the second of a scheduled twelve rounder, flattened the deacon like a pancake.

In disposing of Flowers in jig time Delaney not only proved his right to a match with champion Harry Greb, but emblazoned his name in pugilistic history as the greatest in and outer of all time. Having had time to digest Jack's wonderful victory it is not revealing any secret to state that he has become to be known as strictly a "money fighter." In other words, he shows best when the odds are against him and he is fighting a topnotch man, whereas paired with polukas, meaning third and fourth raters, he usually turns in disappointing performances. His Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde tactics in the ring have the fans guessing.

Flowers climbed through the ropes 1 to 2 favorite. But most of the betting was 5 to 1 on Delaney to stop his man. It is estimated that nearly $200,000 changed hands.

Tex Rickard could have resold his arena. Two days before the battle, not a ticket could be had for the love of money in spite of the fact that he charged $1 to $10. The official count placed the paid attendance at 13,114 and the "gate" $68,839. Delaney received 27½ per cent. and Flowers 22½.

In defeat Walk Miller's charge automatically blew several engagements in several spots. Delaney substituted for him against Allentown Joe Gans, or Joey Hicks as he was known, in ten rounds at Wilkesbarre, Pa., three nights later. Jack added $5,000 to the $18,000 he received from Rickard, besides grabbing the "duke" over the second negro opponent. The Tiger was matched with Ted Moore at Newark, N. J., February 2, but promoters Blaufuss, Kline, Culnan and Black, called it off half an hour after Delaney laid him low.

A day or two after his man had taken the full count, Miller, a wise old bird, made an awful howl to the Boxing Board, alleging that Delaney struck his man with a blunt instrument concealed in his glove. Walk laid his case before George Bower, chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission. He didn't make an official complaint. Mr. Brower dismissed the thing because Miller couldn't prove his assertions. "It's ridiculous" was all that the boxing mogul would say.

Harry Greb came all the way from Pittsburg to see his rivals in action. He placed a good sized bet on the Tiger but was happy to see Delaney win. The next day before he left for home the champ challenged Delaney. This is one match, if it is made, that Rickard will stage outdoors.

Another capacity house saw Paul Berlenbach and Young Toney Marullo do battle at the Garden on January 30. Berlenbach is still a tremendous card. He was responsible for the big crowd that saw him knock the skids from under the legs of the frightened Larry Estridge. On February 6 Sammy Mandell and Sid Terris resumed where they left off several months ago over the fifteen rounds trail.

Alf Simmons, so-called English lightweight champion, is in our midst. Dave Brown brought him over at great expense. He arrived on the steamship Homeric the morning of January 22. His greatest claim to fame is a four round knockout scored over Harry Mason last year. Brown expects to clinch several important matches for the Briton, besides entering him in the lightweight elimination stakes.

William H. (Sparrow) Robertson, young in health but old in years, was a welcome visitor over the January month end. He came from Paris after an absence of five years to match Edouard Mascart, European featherweight champion, with Louis (Kid) Kaplan, American titleholder. He held several long conferences with promoter Rickard.

"Boxing is going splendidly in Paris, but not so well in London. Berlin is taking to the game, and boxing also is getting a strong foothold in Italy," Sparrow said. "There are about five men in Europe who will hold their own with the best American fighters. They are Mascart, Vinez and Bretonnel, of France; Montreuil, the little Belgian flyweight and bantam, and Paolino, the Basque wood chopper. The latter is a second and larger edition of Tom Sharkey. He has been wofully mismanaged and handled. Under right training and tutelage he would develop into a great heavyweight."

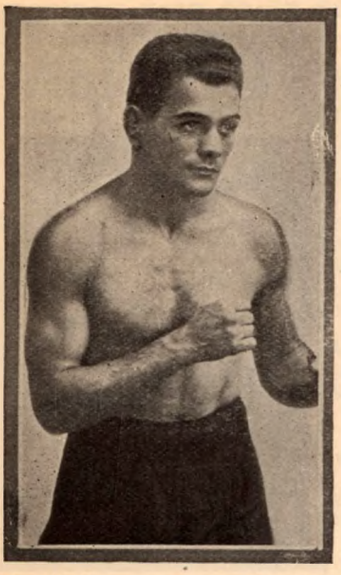
As we are rushing to press they are still singing the praises of Jack Zivic, who practically forced the retirement of the once invincible Lew Tendler by knocking out the famous Philly southpaw in five rounds at Pittsburg, January 19. Jimmy Bronson, who manages Zivic, wants to enter his man in the lightweight elimination tournament, claiming that Jack can make 135 pounds, but we are from Missouri, etc.

Zivic, in say another eight months, will be ready for Mickey Walker. Since he stopped fighting as a lightweight he has been going great guns. He crowned his achievements by battering Tendler from pillar to post.

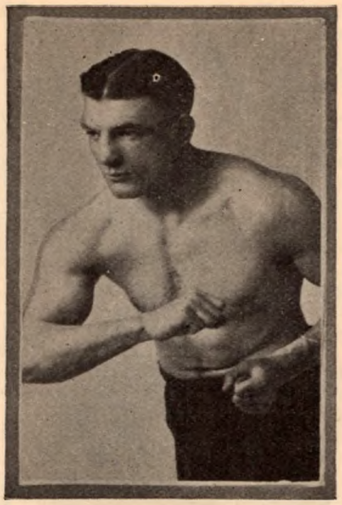
It is about time Tendler quit. He has all the money that he can ever hope to spend, having increased his ring earnings in some profitable businesses.

Mike McTigue is again a free agent. His one year contract with Charley Rose and Paddy Mullins expired two weeks ago. It is likely that the light heavyweight titleholder will resume relations with Mullins. At this writing Mike is resting the right hand. Dr. W. G. Fralick, noted bonesetter, operated on the mauler recently. An X-ray picture showed that Mike had three crushed bones. It will be several months before he can fight again.

Jerry Pelton has returned on the pugilistic map escorting the personage of George Brown of the west side. Brown was formerly handled by this same Jerry but grew prosperous and careless in his training with the result that he and his manager parted company. Brown grew penitent and rejoined his manager. Pelton is seeking opposition with the best men in the 130 pound class for his charge.

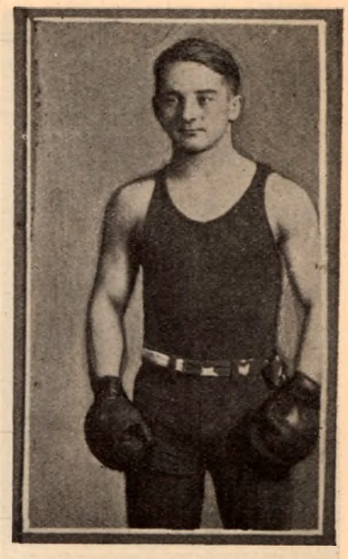


Harold Farese, Jersey Speedball, one of the best bantams developed in the State.



Norman Genet, Akron, Ohio, middleweight, who has fought the best in his class.

Mickey Masquale, Newark bantamweight, who is creating a serious stir in New Jersey circles.



Joey Clein, latest pride in the featherweight ranks of Milwaukee.

Arnold Ryan, bantamweight champion of the National Guard, added another knockout to his rapidly growing list when he polished off Tommy Devine in two rounds.

Harry Felix looked very good against Al Valdo in their recent ten round confiict at the Pioneer Club. Prior to this bout Harry defeated Ruby Stein in another ten rounder, which makes it two tens in a row.

Johnny Rocco, of New Rochelle, who is managed by Harry Garsh, looks better in each bout. Johnny is a big card around this section. He is a good fighter to boot. One of his most prominent victims is Mickey Travers, of New Haven, Conn.

Ray Davis, former amateur star, is progressing in the professional ranks with rapidly. Ray packs a man's right hand wallop and does not hesitate to use it on his opponents.

Benny Bienfeld, New York flyweight, feels that he was slighted in the flyweight selection assembled by Tex Rckard when his name was left out of the list. Of the ten foremost flyweight in the group Sammy has beaten two of them, Corporal Izzy Schwartz and Emil Paluso and is anxious to give them an opportunity to reverse the verdict. His last bout resulted in a victory over Benny Tell at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club.

Al (Bullethead) Fugaro, who is being handled by Nick and Danny Florio in the flyweight division, has a great admirer in Silvey Burns, matchmaker of the Lenox Sporting Club.

Sid Rabin, East Side junior-lightweight, who looks very promising, is a big attraction around Albany and Troy. Rabin defeated Johnny O'Connor, one of the best cards up-State. Rabin has improved greatly in his ring work.

Danny Terris, younger brother of Sid, has won three fights in a row. Considering the fact that he is minus the amateur experience that Sidney went through, Danny can well be satisfied with his triumphs. He licked Eddie Oliver, Patsy Rago and Felix Friedman.

Harry Wallach scored a notable triumph when he beat Johnny Vestri as the Ridgewood two weeks ago. Vestri is a southpaw, and is being dodged carefully by our best bantams. Johnny is credited with giving Eddie (Cannonball) Martin two of the toughest fights that that individual engaged in. He is rated highly around these parts.

Larry Estridge staged a successful comeback when he flattened Charley Nashert in two rounds semi-final to the Flowers-Delaney fracas. In spite of the recent Berlenbach defeat, Larry intends to keep busy and earn a return match with his conqueror. Larry is a great drawing card.

Harold Smith, Chicago bantamweight, is going like a house afire. He is a master boxer and a splendid hitter.

Joey Silvers scored a noteworthy achievement when he licked Cuddy De Marco at the Rink Club a few weeks ago. The better type of opponents Silvers faces, the more his work shows improvement. De Marco holds a decision over Jack Bernstein and a draw with Louis "Kid" Kaplan, but Silvers had very little trouble with him.

NORTHWEST BOXING NEWS
By J. MAZUROSKY
Portland, Oregon

Johnny Farr, Portland's latest sensational featherweight is in line for many matches. His fighting tactics won him many friends. There is a fighter in California who uses the name of Johnny Farr. There is much dispute of this name proposition.

Mack Lillard is back from Spokane where he was very successful. He won eight of his last fights. He is here at Portland, hoping the boxing commission gets him a suitable opponent.

Scotty Inksteer is another boy who is coming to the front. Recently he gave Ernie Woodard a severe lacing. Woodard was a big favorite in the betting.

Doc Sneel, Tacoma new sensation, is going great around Seattle. Recently he fought Tod Morgan, featherweight champion of the Pacific Coast to a draw. Snell recently knocked out Joe Gorman of Portland.

Jack Britton, former welterweight champion, has signed to meet Izzy Tanner of Utah, Jan. 22nd at Portland, Oregon. Captain Harry Hanson, matchmaker for the boxing commission, is lining up some good preliminaries for this big fight.

Sunny Jim, colored middleweight, is the champion of the Pacific Coast. Sunny is the same fighting material as Peter Jackson, old time colored heavyweight. He recently defeated Frankie Murphy of New Orleans. Murphy held the championship until his defeat by Jim.

CALIFORNIA BOXING COMMISSION WILL RULE WITH IRON HAND
By TOM STEVENS

Captain Seth Strelinger, chairman of the California State Boxing Commission made it known that boxing will be under the surveillance of the mailed fist and that the body empowered by the Governor to pass decisions on practically all matters pertaining to the maintenance of boxing, will not encourage Eastern Capitol in this state for the financing of bouts.

It was the veteran promoter's intentions of erecting an arena that would seat in the neighborhood of 54,000, thereby affording California the chance of witnessing a World's championship bout.

McCarey's record as a promoter is one of the cleanest of any individual that has ever operated on the Pacific Coast and fight fans cannot understand why an advocate of clean boxing should be turned down.

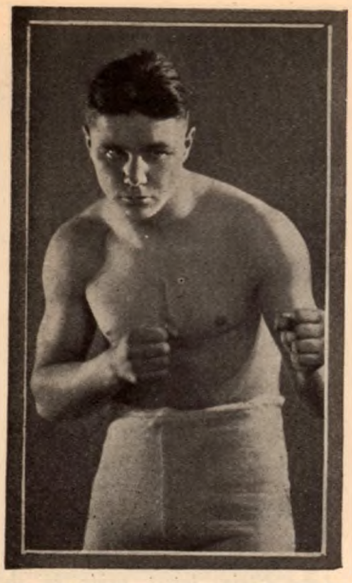
The Commission has ruled that every individual connected with the staging of the show must be licensed. This order includes the house physician and even the timekeeper. As no judges will be permitted, the referee will make all decisions. To him the power of stopping a fight and holding up the boxers' end of the purses goes without any hitches or strings.

Drastic action will be taken in the cases of noisy seconds or managers. Annoying demonstrations of that sort have been tolerated in the past without any interference from club owners but the officials have announced their intention of eliminating such occurrences in the future.

The program of the State commission has been laid with the utmost precaution and if lived up to this state should have better boxing. It is only the McCarey case that has brought dissatisfaction from the fans.

EASTERN CANADIAN BOXING NEWS
By JACK MASON

Jack McKenna, aged twenty four, beat Joe Irvine, aged forty four, in Sydney, recently. McKenna was unable to stop Irvine



Barthelemy Molinero, crack French-Italian middleweight, who has performed creditably in America.

Ed Civil, "Fighting Miner," who is coming east to tackle the best heavies.

Mickey Whalen, who scales 120 pounds, one of the sensations in armory boxing.

Jimmy Delaney, of St. Paul, who fears no man in the light heavyweight class.

who hails from St. John, N. B. He had Irvine in a bad way several times. McKenna hails from North Sydney. He is a welterweight and has a lot to learn.

Nedder Healey of Halifax is being bumped regularly. Within a week he got two trimmings. The first was from Jack McKenna at Sydney and the second from Martin Flaherty, Jr., of Lowell at Halifax.

The oldest boxers in this territory are Billy Parsons of North Sydney and George Latham of Halifax. Parsons is forty seven and Latham is fifty. Parsons is a heavylightweight and Latham is a welterweight. Both have received many beatings but are still in the ring.

Red Mack of California and way stations is looking for bouts in this section. Mack has been hanging his hat in Boston lately and wants to make a trip farther north to meet some of the lightweights in Canada.

Joe Carbone of Glace Bay, a welterweight, is out of the game with two broken ribs. Carbone may get back in harness before the first of March. He won a decision from Jack McKenna in his last bout.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By ROSS E. KAUFMANN
(The North American)

Philadelphia fight fans are still "buzzing" about Lew Tendler's knockout at the hands of Jack Zivic in Pittsburgh. Instead of announcing that he would retire, Lew said that he was anxious to get another crack at the former Olympic champion and they are likely to meet in an open air windup next summer. Zivic was the first gloveman to stop Tendler in his thirteen years career.

Tiny Trinkle, the Shenandoah flyweight, has invaded Philadelphia and is pining for action with any of the boys in his class. Trinkle does not bar any of the little fellows.

Manager Jimmy Dougherty writes from Los Angeles that Bobby Barrett and Alex Hart, his two lightweights, will see plenty of action before he decides to return East.

Jack Laken and Wm. Smith (Lakesmith) are doing business in the Quaker City for a lot of clever out-of-town boxers, including Frankie Edwards, the New York featherweight, Charlie Manty, New England featherweight champion, Sammy Fulton, Trenton's scrappy lightweight; and they also look after Joe Mandell, Philadelphia 133 pounder.

After being on the sideines for more than three months because of injuries received in a smash-up, the former Mexican fighter is ready to answer the bell again. He is training diligently and has several bouts in view.

Tommy Loughran, the South Philadelmanager Joe Smith, is in California, where phia light heavyweight, accompanied by his several bouts will probably be held in the next month.

Herman (Muggsy) Taylor has returned from Florida where he went to look over Jacksonville, Palm Beach, Miami and sevsome new boxing material. Taylor visited eral other resorts.

Charley Neiderman, one of Philadelphia's star amateur boxers, is preparing for his professional debut and will box under the name of Chick Neiderman.

Benny Bass, Phil Glassman's clever featherweight, continues to be a big drawing card all over the East. He has a big following in Phillie and never fails to please.

Hoff's stable consisting of Ad Stone, Eddie (Kid) Wagner, Al Gordon, Billy Ryan, Bud Christiano, Terry McHugh and Kid Wolfe, has been kept busy all winter.

Frankie Ferro is recovering from an injured rib. Johnny Burns says he was in bad shape when he collided with Al Gordon at the Arena.

It has been learned that Max (Boo Boo) Hoff has taken over the Phillies National League baseball park for the outdoor open air boxing season. Hoff is supposed to have paid around $13,000 for the privilege and he has turned it over to Pete Waxier who will do the promoting. This means that Messrs. Herman Taylor and Robert Gunnis, wil stage their open air shows at Shibe Park this summer.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA
By TOM STEVENS

The life of a prospect in the light heavyweights ranks is a strenuous one according to Eddie Huffman, the sensational sailor mauler from the battleship Mississippi who is besieged by every promoter, manager, match maker and sports writer of note in the country for different propositions. Since he knocked out Eddie Tremblay at the Wilmington arena, the Pacific Electric company of Los Angeles has almost had to hire special trains to haul the horde of visitors to the blonde boy's ship.

This kid has certainly created a furore around this part of the universe. Unconvinced by the reports that he defeated Bob Roper and immy Delaney by a good margin, a delegation of selected individuals made a trip to Wilmington to see him in his first appearance in Southern California since his elevation from the ranks of mediocrity.

Jack Doyle's Vernon arena will be a rendezvous for fistic artists of the United States this season. Some of the stars signed to box at the Coliseum are, Mike McTigue, Bobby Barrett, Phil Kaplan and Tommy Loughran. The McLarnin-La Barba flyweight tilt drew eleven thousand paid admissions and each youngster drew down a small five grand for his trouble.

Pacific Coast scribes cannot understand how Eastern writers figure that the lightweight scrap for the title vacated by the late Benny Leonard involves only a few New Yorkers. They would like to be informed why Spug Meyers, Ace Hudkins and Jack Silver are not considered contenders.

If anyone could see Jack Dempsey lounging around his spacious Barbara Hotel in Los Angeles these days, one could wonder why the heavyweight champion has no inclination to don the mitts again.

"One Eyed Connolly" will find the going very tough when he returns to California. Even the old timers cannot go by the wary gatekeeper these days. Deputy commissioners have laid down the lawing against "crashing" and only the old reliable buck will carry one through these days.

The shortage of referees on the Coast is noticeable these days. Some of the mediocre type officiating these times, could not work in the smallest clubs in the East. The commission however, is trying to remedy the situation by giving hundreds of applicants tryouts, but it seems as though matters are getting worse along that line instead of better.

FLORIDA'S EAST COAST NOTES
BY THE DUCHESS

Three outstanding bouts in this section of which two have taken place and the other will have been fought by the time THE RING goes to press, featured the fistic activities in Miami and St. Petersburg during January. In the two cities mentioned, Young Stribling was the headliner. Hugh Walker, of Kansas City, met Stribling in Miami, and not only made a creditable showing but won a host of friends by his aggressive style of battling.

At St. Petersburg Stribling met a tartar in Mike Wallace, of Cleveland. According to local scribes Alexander should have been awarded the verdict but Referee Alexander ruled otherwise.

The Miami gate grossed $13,064, while the gate at St. Petersburg was hurt by the weather suddenly turning cold. With that handicap, the promoters took in $8,035.

The other feature encounter which takes place after this is written, is the third meeting between Barney Adair, of New York, and Jimmy Murray, of Atlantic City, in Miami.

What a gathering place Miami is becoming for the sporting fraternity. Billy Gibson has returned here and rumors are flying thick and fast that Tunney, Gibson's own Gene, is to meet Stribling in Miami shortly. Ed Douglass, the promoter there, says he has the bout sewed up. Billy Gibson says he hasn't. While "Pa" Stribling says "Nothing doing." Where "Pa" shows great wisdom.

Dick Baker, a sixteen-year-old youth, promises to outdo Stribling as being one of the sensations of the boxing game. This youth, formerly of Savannah, but now of Miami, has decisively defeated the best bantamweights in Georgia and Florida. Experts, including some of the world's best, are loud in their praise of the youngster's cleverness and aptitude. Baker is being brought along smartly by Duke Barry, the veteran handler, and will undoubtedly be one of the biggest sensations in boxing in another year.

Writing of Duke Barry, credit for the big gate at Miami—the largest ever recorded in Florida or this section of the South, belongs to him. Duke handled the publicity for the Stribling-Walker bout and gave the show the greatest line of publicity ever seen in the South.

Harold Abbott, the Rockaway Beach, N. Y., middleweight, was punched silly by Anthony Downey, of Calumbus, Ohio, now of Miami, in January, and after the bout took the boat to New York the following morning. Bill Jaconetti, Abbott's manager, gave his battler some great publicity, but unfortunately Harold could not live up to it.

Jackie Marlowe, Abbott's stable mate, made a big hit in his bout with Frankie Moran of New Orleans, on the same card. How those little fellows did fight! That contest was voted the best seen here in many moons. A rematch is on tap and the fans will swarm out in numbers to see 'em at it again.

Jack Middleton of Florida, defeated Big Bill Clemmons of Knoxville, Tenn., recently at West Palm Beach. The report that Clemmons won, was a wire sent out by some one interested in the Tennessee battler. Middleton gave Big Bill a plenty.

Floyd Bowers, a likely looking middleweight of Des Moines, Ia., has arrived in Miami and will eventally meet Anthony Downey in the near future. Bowers comes here from the West Coast where he performed creditably. Duke Barry has him in tow.

Mike Wallace will no doubt meet Hugh Walker, Jack Middleton, Bill Clemmons and the other light heavies in order. Wallace is a big gate getter and is looked upon as a sure winner in all the prospective matches. After the winter season at Miami, the fast Clevelander will head in to the big town, where his admirers expect him to continue his winning streak. Tex Rickard should have this youngster looked over. Mike is only 21 years of age.

At Tampa recently, Tony Caponi, the Rock Island featherweight, flashed one of the most brilliant fights of his career and easily defeated the so-called Southern champion, Boots Antley. It was Caponi all the way.

Leo Shea, the well known Midwestern referee of Chicago, is making Miami his home for the winter. Leo, ever popular, is one of the associate judges on the dog track. Real dogs, not the ponies.

Barney Adair, the popular Irish boxer of New York, is one of the most sought after fighters in the South. Barney is traveling along in masterful style these days.

Jay J. Thomas, the cold-steel-eyed manager of Hugh Walker, Harvey Thorpe and other knuckle whirlers, is a very busy chap in and around Miami. Jay is reaping a nice harvest where the sun ever shines.

Strange, but true, Jimmy Murray of Atlantic City, could not secure a decent preliminary bout in his home city or Philadelphia, yet this gentlemanly welter is one of the biggest attractions in Miami. Murray on the card spells "dough" for the promoter.

Patsy Johnson of Trenton, the steller little bantamweight, is here and angling for a shot with some of the leaders. Patsy is too good to be kept on the side lines. Here's hoping he gets the breaks soon.

Harry Greb, middleweight champion, and Gene Tunney, light-heavy king of America, are reported to be matched to mingle at West Palm Beach, during March.

Stribling and Wild Bill Reed will meet at West Palm Beach shortly. This bout will take place before the readers of THE RING see this in print.

Joe Tiplitz of Philadelphia, is likely to break in at Miami soon. So states Promoter Ed Douglass. What we want to know is, who's Joe gonna fight?

Young Wallace, the New Orleans fighter, whom Cliff Abbo, the New Orleans correspondent of THE RING, styles the greatest fighter to advertise his home town, is traveling along nicely these days. Tony is hanging his hat in Tampa.

PITTSBURGH NOTES
By BILLIE LEWIS

Before a capacity house, Jack Zivic of Pittsburgh, recently hung a "ko" on Lew Tendler of Philadelphia. Zivic is now in demand all over the country.

Now that the Zivic-Tendler fight is over, let's have the Cuddy De Marco-Jack Zivic fight and once and for all settle which boy is the better.

McKeesport took another chance recently and ran a good show with Harry Kid Brown of Phila., defeating Dick Conlon of Altoona in the main go.

The North Side started to hold boxing bouts with a good amateur show and there is talk of holding a "pro" show in the near future.

Connesville, Pa., has started again and has held two fights in the last month. It looks as if boxing is on the boom in and around Pittsburgh.

Joe Cuno, the New Castle, Pa., promoter, plans to hold weekly shows at New Castle and is trying to get Tiger Flowers to meet Homer Robertson.

Willie Davies of Charleroi, Pa., is the most promising boy developed in many a day and the licking he gave Johnny Hamm, made him a great drawing card at Motor Square Garden.

Eddie Sawdey, the Erie lightweight, has decided to take up boxing again and Eddie Bannon, the Homestead flash, is working out every day with him. Sawdey looks good in the "gym."

NEW JERSEY NOTES
By LEW DIAMOND

Ray Neuman, the New Jersey light heavyweight, is going at a rapid pace in California. Neuman has won all of his bouts on the coast and has defeated Nick Neuman, Fred Cullen, Vic Alexander and Tom Richards.

A middleweight who in due time is sure to raise havoc amongst the best in his division and who hails from the Gammontown section of Jersey City, is no other than Lew Gutowski. Lew has a terrific sock in both hands. On January 27 at the Bayonne Casino in his first professional bout he knocked out Harry Eckhardt in the third round and three nights later at the Amsterdam in West Hoboken he stopped Sol Alvino in the first round. Under proper handling Gutowski will develop into a top-notcher.

Billy White, after an absence of over a year will soon make a comeback at one of the local clubs. Billy was one of the best drawing cards seen in Jersey and should have no trouble in securing bouts.

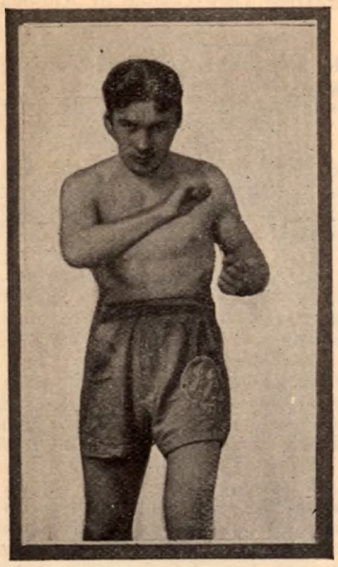
Frankie Dundee, the Portchester Flash, is one of the best flyweights that ever showed his wares at a Jersey Club. He is fast and clever and packs a mean punch in either mitt.

Ben Horwick, matchmaker of the Bayonne Casino, has been having his share of hard luck. On Tuesday, Jan. 27, he arranged one of the best cards ever made up at a Jersey club. Frankie Dundee vs. Mickey Lewis. Harry Martone vs. Svend Hellengessen and Gats Gardano and Joe Marino. These bouts would pack the house but the severe storm came along and the card was postponed. This club has a seating capacity of 4,500 and is one of the best clubs in Hudson County.

A promising welter who will soon be fighting on top is Georgie Scott of Bayonne, N. J. In his first four professional bouts he stopped all of his men. He was then matched to box Gats Gargano, crack Staten Island welter, and they put up a sensational contest. Scott seems to be improving very rapidly and will soon be a contender for the welter crown.

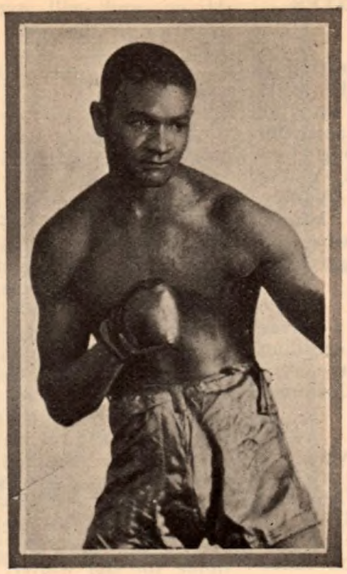
MILWAUKEE NOTES
By FRED SADDY

Lew Sangor is no longer a member of the American Boxing League. At a meeting held in the Republican Hotel, January 27, the league by a unanimous vote, expelled him because of his action in signing Joey

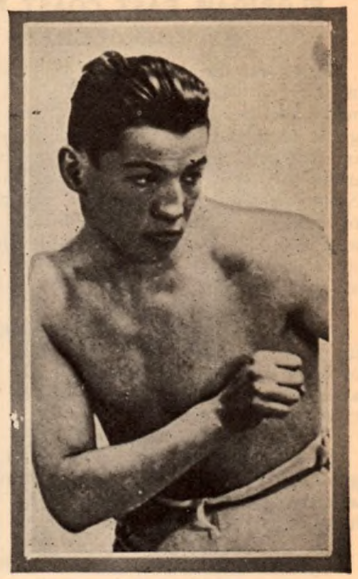


Jackies Johnston, of Montreal, Canada, a former amateur, who is making rapid progress in the pro ranks.

Billy McMahon, Greenwich Village featherweight, who is coming to the fore.



Joey Hicks, better known as Allentown Joe Gans, a crack negro middleweight.



Fred Bretonnel, of France, lightweight champion of Europe.

Sangor to box Frankie Monroe before the Cream City A. C. on February 15. This action the league held to be a violation of its rules and a breach of faith by Sangor. The league also voted to file an application for a charter in the American Federation of Labor.

Steps will be taken to organize locals in St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Fargo, N. D.

Larry Sobjeck and Sailor Clickner battled to a ten-round draw at Oshkosh, Wis., on January 12. It was a fast fight for big fellows.

A lightweight tournament is being conducted here to determine the best boy in that division. Three shows have been held and each has played to capacity. There are many good lightweights here and the only ones that have qualified for the belt donated by the American Boxing League are Harry Kahn, Billy Bartfield and Joe Sielaff. The rest of the boys have been eliminated. These boys are evenly matched and it is going to be a difficult job to pick the winner.

The American Boxing League has ordered Sielaff and Bartfield to fight it out and the winner is to be entitled to a match with Harry Kahn in the final bout.

His arm again in good shape after a lay-off of five months, Pinky Mitchell, Jr., welterweight, has resumed hard training. Pinky has been doing a lot of boxing and his arm appears as strong as ever. He will engage in a couple of minor bouts to test out his arm and then will go West for his coming bout with Jack Zivic. Jack Root, Los Angeles promoter, is to stage this affair.

Tom Andrew, local sport writer and promoter, has been refused a lease to conduct fights in the local Auditorium. He is to leave soon for the Coast where he will act as matchmaker for Jack Root's club. The local fans are sorry to see Tom go as he was responsible for bringing to the front some of the greatest fighters this city ever had, including Maurice Sayers, Charlie Neary, Ad Wolgast, Johnny Mendelsohn and the biggest favorites, Pinky and Richie Mitchell.

TORONTO NOTES

By JACK JARVIS

Jackie Johnstone, boxing in irresistible fashion, smothered Freddie Vincent, of Hamilton, in the feature tilt of the Queensbury A. C. Johnstone, who has plenty of class, clouted his opponent to the canvas a couple of times in the first, and settled the argument with a crisp right-hand smash in the second round. Johnstone showed that he is a dangerous fighter for any of the bantamweights, and his future will be followed with much interest.

George Fifield, who after a long absence from a local ring, boxed Johnny Ward in the semi-windup to Johnstone-Vincent and scored over the Buffalo representative. Probably the best fight of the evening was between Fred Saltel, of Winnipeg, and Phil Rivers. The boys fought an even bout all the way, the draw verdict being popular with the customers.

Frankie Bull, Canadian lightweight champion, "mosied" his way to Connellsville, Pa., and boxed a great fight with Cuddy DeMarco. The boys bounced plenty of punches off each others chins, and the joust kept the fans in high spirits.

Howard Mayberry, Walter Obernessor's bustling little bantam, is hot on the trail of Vic Foley for a return battle. Foley recently wrested the crown from Howi's brow when they met in Vancouver. Foley, who is in Toronto searching for some likely looking opponent, possibly will give Mayberry first chance to regain his lost laurels.

Mickey McDonald, former amateur star, "toddelled" his way to an impressive victory in his first pro start when he beat Johnny Horn. McDonald showed that he can fight, as well as box, and with a few more winning fights to his credit he will be a mighty hard boy to beat.

Another amateur champion, Charlie (Cy) Pook, light heavyweight, soon will make his "pro" debut. Pook has proved that he is a puncher, and with a little more knowledge of ringcraft and finer points of the game, may go a long way in his class.

Toronto fans are wondering why Harry Henning, the popular local middleweight, is not figuring on local cards. This boy is a mighty good card in this city, and one of the best action fighters we have around here.

Willie Davies, who has been making a real reputation for himself in and around Pittsburgh, wants to come to Canada and fight Clovis Durand, or some of the other good little flyweights. Willie is a big favorite here, and we would like to see him back again with Alec Burlie, Frenchy Belanger, or some other good boy.

Jack Reddick returned to a Toronto ring after a long absence and knocked the veteran Harry Krohnn over in the third round. George Fifield beat George Gibbons, of Cornwall, while Phil Rivers won over Bobby McKeown. Krohnn was outclassed and never had a chance from the opening bell.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

By EDDIE McFARLAND

Tommy Kid Murphy, Trenton's junior lightweight, repeated his victory of several weeks ago when he again won over Eddie Kid Wagner, of Philadelphia.

The first victory was scored at Providence, R. I., but this time Tommy went right into Wagner's own city to convince Eddie and his fellow townsmen that he was the better man. Murphy scored a hit with the Quaker City fans and undoubtedly will figure in some of the outdoor shows at the Philadelphia ball park this coming summer.

Misfortune seems to be following the path of Joe Reno, local lightweight, who seems to be making no headway. Reno is a pleasing boxer and showed here last week for the first time in almost a year.

Joe Markovitz, who claims Boston as his birthplace, but Trenton as his present abode, looked very good in his match here with the Walloping Wop, a windmill puncher from Newark.

After having beaten Ray Mitchell in Philadelphia, Joe Reno returned to Trenton to lose to Young Jack Dempsey.

CHICAGO BOXING NEWS

By ART WINCH

Harold Smith, Chicago's leading bantamweight contender, is going great guns and boxing in old-time form. Last month he made a hit with the Garden fans in New York when he defeated Jack Snyder. This was Smith's first appearance in the Garden in over a year. Three days later he defeated Tony Lapeka in ten rounds at Lansing, Mich.

CAROLINA NOTES

By NIXON E. JONES

Salisbury, N. C.—Tresco Johnson and Tommy (Kid) Williams put up a fast ten-round fight here with Johnson getting the decision. However, Johnson was lucky to get the verdict.

Charlotte, N. C.—Kid Peck won over Battling Conway, of Ft. Bragg, N. C. Conway's seconds threw in the towel in the seventh round. Peck showed up in wonderful form against Conway's poor condition. These boys are lightweights.

Charlotte promoters are trying to get a good welterweight to book with Ken Burris, of Wilmington, for this month.

Ft. Bragg, N. C.—Lieut. Coyne has again opened up with boxing at the Fort. His next show will be Jack Renault and Charlie Burke. These big gladiators will possibly box before five thousand people. The semi-final will probably be the best fight on this card, Chief Mayle and Big McCune. He also has a well balanced line of preliminaries.

Wilmington, N. C.—Leo Little, a prominent sportsman of Carolina, will open up a large indoor arena within the next few weeks. It will be the training quarters of Ken Burris, welterweight. The club will also be known as the Wilmington Athletic Club. He has not stated just what he will put on, but it is expected that he will feature Burris with some good welter. Burris is well known in the Carolinas, having engaged in more than fifty fights, losing but two decisions.

Since the inauguration of the Wilmington Boxing Commission, they have only disqualified and barred but two boxers, these being Young Wallace and Frankie Lewis. They were barred for stalling and will never be able to box here again.

MONTREAL NOTES

By EMMELL

"Boy, oh boy!" "What a fight!" That's what 2,500 satisfied fans thought about the Leo "Kid" Roy-Bobby Garcia slam-fest. Imagine two boys standing toe to toe for ten rounds and slugging for all they were worth.

Coming into the tenth round there was little to choose between the two as far as the decision was concerned. For about two minutes of the round it was nip and tuck, then all of a sudden Roy's knees began to sag, his guard lowered and his eyes glazed. Garcia spurred on by the vision of a knockout victory over the Canadian champion sailed into Roy.

A left hook, a right hook and then another left hook, and for the first time since Roy became a card, the referee was counting him out. At the count of nine Roy arose, and through instinct weathered the storm. That torrid tenth round, a round which made Canadian ring history, gave Bobby Garcia the decision. A well merited one, we'll say.

And that wasn't the only fight the fans raved about that night, either. Lou "Kid" Lewis, of Lachine, who has been sojourning around western New York State, blew into town looking for trouble among our lightweights. Louis "Kid" Mitchell, a boy from Quebec, thought it was his duty to accommodate Lewis. By actual measurement Mitchell had 5 inches in height over Lewis, who stood 5 ft. 4 in. high.

Did that bother the Lachinite? I should say not. He tore right into the tall Quebecer from the start and had Mitchell reposing on the canvas no less than four times. In the seventh round with Mitchell doing the horizontal act, the bell robbed Lewis of a well-deserved knockout. The count was then "nine."

In the best of the preliminaries Elzear Rioux, local heavyweight, knocked out Tarzan Magnier, of Belgium, in the first round.

The show drew $4,371.50 of which Roy and Garcia each received 25 per cent. Alex Moore intends to rematch this pair for the opening boxing show at the Forum.

"Who says a matchmaker's job is a cinch?" Alex Moore doesn't think so. For six months he's been trying to land the Solly Green-Ted Cossette match, and finally after signing four different contracts, Moore was able to breath easier. The match was advertised as for the lightweight championship of Canada, of which title there are about a half score claimants with Kid Lewis, of Lachine, the outstanding claimant. Cossette won on a foul in the fourth round, but up to that point neither held any marked advantage over the other.

LOS ANGELES NOTES

By BENNY SONORA

On February 24 Mickey Walker and Bert Colima will go 12 rounds here. Colima holds a decision over Dave Shade, the contender Walker has been accused of dodging. Colima has agreed to make 155 pounds at 2 o'clock the day of the fight. This will be held at the Vernon arena.

To Dick Donald goes the honor of having the first 10-round bout in Los Angeles. Joe Schlocker defeated Joe Layman in a bout that had every spectator on his feet throughout the ten rounds.

Harry Kabakoff, a featherweight of St. Louis, is training here daily. Kabakoff has a national reputation. He held Jack Bernstein and Mike Dundee to a draw.

Jimmy McLarin, the pride of the local bantams, has quit that class and will do his future fighting as a featherweight.

Lonie Austin and his stable of boxers are back in Los Angeles. His stable consists of Dode Bercot, who defeated Joe Benjamin at Vernon last fall; Ray Cliffe, a Canadian light heavyweight, and Bud Bercot, a featherweight.

Among the latest arrivals in Los Angeles fighting circles are Billy Oates with Bud Hamilton and Hary Galfund, Jimmy Dougherty, of Philadelphia, accompanied by Bobby Barrett and Alex Hart.

The management of the Hollywood American Legion Stadium announced that Tommy Gibbons had been signed for a six-round main event against an opponent yet to be selected.

Ace Hudkins, the Nebraska wildcat, took Tommy Carter's Pacific Coast lightweight title away Friday, January 9. Hudkins won six out of ten rounds; Carter took two and two were even. Hudkins broke his right hand in the sixth round as he was trying to finish Carter.

The Hollywood American Legion Stadium will hold an elimination contest among the lightweights to determine who shall be the Pacific Coast candidate for the world's lightweight championship, made vacant by the retirement of Benny Leonard. Among the boys to take part, are "Ace" Hudkins, now Pacific Coast champion; Spug Meyers, Joe Benjamin, Phil Salvadore, Pat Mills, Jack Silver, Joe Schlocker, Joe Layman and many other good boys.

Larney Lichtenstein is here with his featherweight charge, Ray Miller. Larney was behind Ernie Goozeman in San Diego when Danny Nunes took a 12-round beating from Goozeman.

K. O. Mars, of Cincinnati, is in Los Angeles at the present time. Mars is known as a very tough boy. He boxed Lew Tendler and Sammy Mandell to a ten-round draw. Mars beat Ritchie Mitchell and he holds a referee's decision over Jack Zivic, of Pittsburgh, who recently beat Tendler by a technical knockout.

FISTIC NEWS FROM GEORGIA

By COLEMAN McGRILL

Battling Siki was a recent visitor in Atlanta. The foreigner evidently was tipped off beforehand that no rough stuff, the kind he has been accustomed to pull in other places, would go very well in Georgia, and the result was that his behavior was excellent. Siki came here to box a local negro, but the boxing commission would not permit the match to go through, as the local "pug" was not of the calibre to face a tough fellow of Siki's ability.

The game does not look as if it will prosper very much here this winter. This is due to the fact that no wide-awake promoter is willing to take a gamble and stage a few shows.

Young Stribling, Tiger Flowers, Larry Avera and several other good boys are keeping busy away from their home town, and do not seem to be anxious to show their wares before a local gathering of fight fans.

Larry Avera has been doing most of his battling on the west coast of Florida, where the game is drawing much better than at Miami and Palm Beach.

Lew Silver is still under the care of his physician and therefore unable to accept many good offers. Silver will be ready to box again sometime early in March.

Larry Avera's latest victim was Young Wallace, the New Orleans veteran. Avera was awarded the judges' decision at the end of ten rounds in St. Petersburg, Fla., on January 28.

Ed Alexander, who officiates in most of Stribling's bouts and who handles a large stable of fighters out of Savannah, is keeping his fighters busy. His star performers are Mike Owens, a middleweight who carries a terrific punch in either hand and looks like a good prospect; Johnny Marlowe, a featherweight, who held Tim O'Dowd to a draw recently, and Pinkie May, a bantam, who is holding his own with the boys around here.

Tim O'Dowd returned to Atlanta after being away from here for several months. O'Dowd spent most of his time in Louisville, Ky., where he won several fights. Tim is ready to meet any 126 pounder around these parts.

One of the most promising youngsters hereabouts is Pete Cole, of Rome, Ga., a junior lightweight. Cole lacks experience, but is showing to better advantage with each fight.

"Stormy" Mott has a couple of good prospects in Benny Regan, a flyweight, and Homer Powell, a featherweight. Regan is a very pleasing entertainer and has a host of followers around these parts. Frankie Beal, a junior lightweight, of Indiana, is also handled by the Stormy one.

Lou Feldman, Columbus, Ga., is grooming a youngster by name of Benny Ray, who looks as if he may develop into a fair boy. Lou has forsaken the ring and is associated with Major John Paul Jones in staging boxing matches in Columbus, Ga.

"Boots" Antley and Young Ahearn, of Washington, D. C., battled ten rounds to a draw in Savannah, Ga. The judges voted a

draw, but the officials of the American Legion who staged the battle thought that Ahearn was entitled to the decision as he clearly outpointed Antley. After consulting the New York Boxing Commission they were informed that the decision of the judges stands.

BALTIMORE NOTES

(By James Raymond Price)

There's a great fight brewing for boxing followers in this section. Just as soon as Smiling Sammy Harris, manager of George Chaney, and Merry Max Waxman, who pilots Joe Dundee, think the fans have reached the peak of their enthusiasm the announcement will be forthcoming that these boys have been matched. This bout has been in the making for almost a year and Dundee, having won over every boxer brought here, now finds that he must use Knockout George as his next stepping stone on the road to the lightweight crown.

Harris claims that Dundee is close to the welterweight notch and is unwilling to let George enter the ring unless Joe does 135 pounds for him. However, this is a small matter for the fighters and managers realize that only the Fifth Regiment Armory can accommodate the crowd that wants to see the battle; and the coin will roll in when the time comes.

Lefty Lew Mayrs is still going after the bigger boys, and he added Honey Boy Finnegan to his list of victims recently. Finnegan, who seemed to be headed straight for the top, was polished off rather handily by the Baltimore southpaw and now it is Lew who is being seriously considered for more important matches. It has taken Mayrs some time to make his mark, but by hard and persistent work he has been rewarded. Mayrs's victory over Abe Friedman, of Boston, was a classy piece of work and he gave the Beantown boy a nasty beating throughout their fight.

Little Jeff won back his title of Southern flyweight champion when he trimmed Jackie Feldman last month. Feldman captured the crown from Jeff several weeks ago and Jeff, confident that he could turn the tables in another trial, showed he had the right dope. If Jeff would take his work more seriously he'd get much further in his chosen profession.

Kid Williams is still going strong. The former bantam champion earned a decision over Jack West, of Philadelphia, in a tough fight last month. Sent through the ropes by a terrific punch to the jaw in the first round, the Kid recovered his bearings and launched an onslaught on his opponent that left the Baltimorean an easy winner at the end.

Eddie Burnbrook, former Camp Holabird welterweight, suffered the second knockout of his career on January 19 when he was sent to slumberland by Pete Latzo in the second stanza of their battle in Scranton. Burnbrook's idleness has told on him and it'll require him some time to get going again. Several good fights under his belt and Eddie will step out with the rest of the boys.

Jack Zivic sprang quite a surprise on Baltimore fans when he won over Lew Tendler by a technical knockout. Zivic was beaten by Dundee here last winter and from his showing then didn't figure to beat Tendler. Lew must have gone back quite a bit.

TERRE HAUTE AND INDIANA NEWS

(By Square Deal Harry)

In a show taged by Jeff Henderson, at the Terre Haute Auditorium, Eddie Dyer, local lightweight, had the better of a ten-round bout with Joe Jawson, of Milwaukee. It was a tought fight all the way, with the referee warning both men repeatedly on their rough tactics.

Rube Rhodes, the negro featherweight, counted the birdies in the fourth round at the expense of Battling Galloway, of Indianapolis. The battle should have gone ten rounds. Johnny Lucas, St. Louis' lightweight, substituting for Jack Reynolds, took the full count in the sixth round at the hands of Bulldog Joe Lockhart, of Evansville. Chuck Gary, Terre Haute's fast-coming flyweight, whipped Eddie Roberts, Indianapolis battler in the six-round opener.

At Kokomo, Jimmy Dalton, Indianapolis lightweight, was awarded a technical K. O. over K. O. Haley in the second round of a scheduled ten-round bout. Mike Moran, of Kokomo, had the better of the argument with Frankie Bucks, of Logansport.

At Lafayette, Ind., Joe Cooper, West York lightweight, was given the popular decision over Leo Roberts, of Terre Haute. Young Sunbeam, of Terre Haute, fought a ten-round draw with Johnny McNichols, Marshall, Ill., featherweight.

At Indianapolis, Louis Lavelle, Anderson, Ind., lightweight, won from Frankie Frisco, of Chicago, in ten rounds. Sidney Glick, Indianapolis lightweight, now under the wing of Mike Mitchell, whaled the tar out of Mickey O'Dowd, of Muncie, Ind., in the other ten-rounder.

WASHINGTON (D. C.) NOTES

(By Patsy Donovan)

Young Dencio, local flyweight, won the decision over Davy Frye, of Lancaster, Pa., in an eight-round bout here. Although outweighed by 10 pounds, Dencio seemed the stronger of the two boys. It was a battle all the way with Dencio holding an upper hand most of the time. In the semi-final Sailor Waterman knocked out Mickey White, of Baltimore, in two rounds. Kid Groves lost a hair-line decision to Young Toney and Hillie Miske won over Phil Raymond.

Joe Bashara upset the dope when he defeated Jack Turner, local middleweight pride here, over the 12-round route. In the second round Bashara caught Turner with a wild swing to the jaw and put the local veteran down for the count of nine. Joe held an upper hand for the next three rounds, but from then on Jack seemed to get his bearings and carried the fight to Bashara. Bashara's early lead won him the decision, although Turner was the stronger boy at the finish. Eddie Lenord made a chopping block of Midget Carbon in the 10-round semi-final, but could not put the finishing touches on the game Midget. Time after time when it looked like curtains for Carbon he would rally and make Lenord back up. Carbon received a wonderful hand for his gameness upon leaving the ring.

Sammy Hogan and Hillie Miske fought a bang-up draw at the monthly show at the Elks. All of the eight rounds were crammed full of action. First Miske would take the lead only to be made back up by Hogan. The draw decision was very popular with the crowd. Joe Comiskey and Johnnie Conroy fought a bang-up six-round semi-final to a draw decision. This makes the third draw fight these two boys have boxed in the past month. Neither boy seems to have an edge on the other. Kid Groves knocked out Joe Rivers in four rounds and Joe Bolen received the decision over Young Melino.

Honey Boy Finnegan lost the decision to Lew Mayrs after 12 rounds of the fastest fighting seen in Baltimore in many a day. All Washington turned out to root for their champion, Finnegan, and were much disappointed when the judges ruled that Mayrs was the winner, although the referee voted for Finnegan. In the seventh round Mayrs cut a deep gash over Finnegan's left eye that seemed to bother the fighting Mick the rest of the way. Finnegan outpunched Mayrs over the entire distance and the writer was rather surprised upon hearing the decision. Joe Piscatella, also of Washington, pasted Slyvan Bass over the six-round route, but the judges ruled in favor of Bass. Even the Baltimore fans booed this one. Negotiations are out to match Finnegan and Mayrs at the Ft. Myer Riding Hall at Washington. The Riding Hall can seat at least 8,000 fans, so there should be room for all.

Goldie Ahern, local lightweight, is having wonderful success throughout the South. Last week he defeated Boots Antley, at Charleston, S. C., for the featherweight championship of the South. Goldie's only obstacle in the South seems to be another local boy, now residing at Charlotte, N. C., Louis Guglimini. Lou boxed Goldie a bang-up draw at Charlotte recently.

Sammy Hogan, of the Mohawk Athletic Club, looks to be a very promising young fighter. He has developed very rapidly within the past few months and with the proper handling may some day become a topnotcher. His stable mate, Kid Groves, also looks very promising.

EVERLAST BOXING RECORD BOOK EDITED BY RIPLEY

Fight fans, managers and boxers will be pleased to know that the new issue of the Everlast Boxing Record for 1925 is now off the press.

Robert L. Ripley has edited the book, and Tad, Grantland Rice, Ring Lardner, Ed Van Every, Robert Boyd, H. C. Witmer and Herbert C. Wignal are among the contributors.

The 1925 Everlast Boxing Record is one of the most concise and complete boxing manuals ever published.

In addition to historical data the book contains the records of more than two hunred boxers, data on famous fights of the past, record gate receipts, the history of all championship divisions and more than two hundred photographs of boxers.

The Ring has arranged to handle orders for the Everlast Book. Readers of The Ring may send money orders or check to The Ring and book will be forwarded by mail. The Everlast Guide this year is the best ever published and no fight manager or boxer should be without one.

The first step towards eliminating new promoters from the field of sporting endeavor was to refuse a boxing permit to "Tom" McCarey, termed as the daddy of the twenty round game and one of the foremost boxing czars of by-gone days, when the Golden State blossomed forth as the outstanding unit in sporting annals. The reason for the refusal was attributed to a petition

It looks as if Darky Daniels who manages George Fifield of Toronto has got the promoters "sore on him." Fifield has difficulty getting bouts not only in this section but in Ontario. Daniels refused to let Fifield meet Bert Schneider of Jamestown, N. Y. and Montreal recently, in St. John. Jimmy Cox, who had been billed to meet Fifield originally suddenly jumped out for Europe leaving the Commercial A. C. of St. John flat after the posters and advertising had been issued.

Questions and Answers

M. A., Jessup, Pa.

Q.—What are the nationalities of Eddie (Cannonball) Martin and Tommy Ryan?

A.—Both Italian-American.

Tom Gartland, Toronto, Can.

Q.—Was John L. Sullivan a recognized world's champion? If he held the championship under London prize ring rules, did he ever lose that title?

A.—Sullivan won the heavyweight championship of America from Paddy Ryan in 1882. He lost it to Jim Corbett in 1892. In the ten years Sullivan held the title, he never even met a foreign champion in the ring. In the list of those eager to meet Sullivan was Peter Jackson, heavyweight champion of England and Australia. Jackson defeated Jem Smith, English titleholder, in two rounds and stopped Frank Slavin, Australian champion, in ten rounds.

Sullivan drew the color line on Jackson and refused to fight Slavin, Goddard, Maher, Fitzsimmons and others. The heavyweight world's champion preceding Sullivan's entry of the ring was Jem Mace, who had won the honors by defeating Tom Allen, American titleholder. Allen lost his American title to Goss, who lost to Ryan, who lost to Sullivan.

The only English fighter Sullivan met in a bare knuckle contest was 160-pound Charley Mitchell, who held the Bostonian to a draw in thirty-nine rounds. Sullivan had not the remotest claim to a world's championship. Although Sullivan won from Ryan under London rules, he lost to Corbett under Queensberry regulations.

Rules for fighting do not govern titles, any more than weights. If such were the case there would be several champions in each class, all under different rules and different weights. The title that Sullivan won from Ryan in 1882 was the same that he lost to Corbett in 1892—the heavyweight championship of America. McAuliffe gained the lightweight title under London rules and defended the latter under Queensberry rules.

Oswald H. Powell, New Britain, Conn.

Q.—(1) What is the pivot blow? How is it used? On what part of the body is it landed? (2) What are the rules of the London prize ring? (3) What is the most important thing in boxing, speed, cleverness, gameness or hitting?

A.—(1) In delivering the pivot blow, the fighter extends his arm horizontally, holds it rigid and spins around on one foot, the fist landing on opponent's jaw or head. The man striking the blow whirls completely about and the momentum acquired makes the blow very dangerous. It is not generally barred. It was with this blow that La Blanche knocked out Jack Dempsey, middleweight champion. (2) The London rules contain twenty-nine clauses and permitted wrestling, holding head in chancery and other brutalities. Men fought on turf with bare hands and wore spikes in shoes. The Queensberry code was adopted with the direct purpose of eliminating the brutalities of the London code. Under London rules a round ended when one or both men went to the ground either in wrestling or from hitting. The time between rounds was thirty seconds, and the man who failed to toe scratch in the center of the ring within eight seconds after the referee called time was disqualified. (3) Considered singly, neither of the above qualities is important. The most useful combination is that of gameness, speed and hitting. Cleverness and speed minus hard hitting has won few titles, Corbett being an exception. The ideal pugilist is one who possesses a reasonable amount of defensive skill, in addition to speed, gameness and hitting power. Such were Dixon, Gans, Ryan, McCoy, Jack Johnson, Peter Jackson and many others.

W. B. Howe, San Bernardino, Cal.

Q.—(1) Place and date of fight between Dixie Kid and Joe Walcott? (2) Was Jimmy Wilde the first recognized world's champion in the flyweight class? If not who was? (3) When did Fitzsimmons relinquish the middleweight title? (4) Were there any fighters with a clear right to the title between Fitzsimmons and Ketchel?

A.—(1) San Francisco, April 29, 1904. (2) Yes. (3) 1896. Fitz could no longer make 158 pounds, the class limit. (4) Tommy Ryan and Kid McCoy.

James Lee Hyles, Dallas, Texas.

Q.—(1) What did Jeffries receive when he fought Fitzsimmons? (2) What has become of Big Minn? (3) What is Packy McFarland's present address.

A.—(1) When Jeff took the title from Fitz at Coney Island in 1899, Fitz got all the money and Jeff the glory. (2) From latest reports he is wrestling around Omaha. (3) Address him Ferretti's Gymnasium, No. 67 Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

W. Rubin, Binghamton, N. Y.

Q.—What are the nationalities of Al Gordon and Jack Zivic?

A.—Italian-American; Polish.

Reader, New York City.

Q.—Please publish nationalities of Jack Malone, Irish Patsy Cline and Jeff Smith?

A.—Malone and Cline, Irish-American; Smith, Bohemian.

Charles Gerace, New York City.

Q.—How old is Young Marullo? What nationality is he?

A.—Twenty-one. Italian-American.

E. Kaugnen, New York City.

Q.—Where can I locate Art Winch and Jack Coudy, boxing scribes of Chicago?

A.—Ferretti's gymnasium, Chicago.

Reader, New York City.

Q.—What is correct height, age and nationality of Joe Benjamin, California lightweight?

A.—Five feet 9 inches; 25; Hebrew-American.

R. Denault, Pembroke, Ont.

Q.—Who was the largest man Joe Walcott fought? Nationality of Walcott?

A.—Joe Choynski, who weighed 175 pounds. Born at Barbadoes, East Indies.

C. S., Rochester, N. Y.

Q.—(1) What nationalities are the following: Abe Attell, Joe Choynski, Stanley Ketchel and Terry McGovern? (2) Was Abe Attell the greatest champion that ever held the featherweight title? (3) Who has the best record of the lightweights with the exception of Benny Leonard?

A.—Hebrew. Hebrew. Polish. Irish. (2) No. George Dixon and Terry McGovern were far superior to Attell. (3) Sid Terris.

Willie Stackman, New York City.

Q.—What are the reasons for Sammy Nable's downfall? Will he make good on his return to the ring?

A.—Refusal to break in clinches and forever holding on. Search us.

Alexander Beraglia, New Britain, Conn.

Q.—(1) What was Casper Leonard's best fighting weight? (2) Who were the men who defeated Sid Barbarian? (3) When and where was Harold Smith born? What is his correct name? (4) What is Eddie Shea's nationality? What is his right name?

A.—(1) 105 pounds. (2) Only Teddy Meyers, 12 rounds. (3) Chicago. Correct. (4) Irish-American. Correct.

Paul Bonomo, Hazelton, Pa.

Q.—1) Who has the most knock out victories to their credit, Tiger Flowers or Paul Berlenbach? (2) Was a boxer by the name of Timmy Monroe ever heard of in or around New York or Atlantic City? If so whom did he box and what were the decisions of the bouts?

A.—(1) Flowers. (2) Never heard of him.

Irving Nabers, New York City.

Q.—What is the nationality of Sammy Nable? Is his eyesight failing him?

A.—Hebrew. No.

Cesco Kid, Terre Haute, Ind.

Q.—(1) Are boys in the same stable allowed to fight each other? If not, how knocked out and by whom—Lew Paluso, December 25? (2) Were the following ever knocked out and by whom—Lem Paluso, Charlie O'Connell, Kid Kaplan, Bobby Garcia, Jack Zivic, Tommy Ryan, Benny Bass and Bud Taylor? (3) Did the following boys ever meet and what were the results, viz.:—Babe Herman vs. Lew Paluso, Mickey Walker vs. Dave Shade, Harry Galfund vs. Willie Harmon, Tommy O'Brien vs. Joe Benjamin, Eddie (Kid) Wagner vs. Danny Kramer?

A.—(1) No.. Tiplitz left the management of Phil Glassman. (2) No. (3) Herman vs. Paluso, no; Walker vs. Shade, twice. One no-decision and the other technical k. o. for Walker; Galfund vs. Harmon, no; O'Brien vs. Benjamin, no; Wagner vs. Kramer, twice, one decision each.

J. A. LeChlavia, Central Falls, R. I.

Q.—Was Jack Renault ever knocked out? By whom? When?

A.—Yes. Billy Miske. January 28, 1922.

Sol Miner, New York City.

Q.—Was Sid Terris dropped by Moe Ginsberg, at the Surf A. A., two years ago?

A.—Yes.

Chick Benson, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Who manages Mike McTigue and Barney Adair? (2) Was Paul Berlenbach the only one to knock out Larry Estridge? (3) In how many rounds did Ted Jamieson defeat Jack Renault? (4) In what class is Ted Blatt? (5) Was Terry Martin ever a winner over Joe Ryder?

A.—(1) Paddy Mullins and Charles Rose for McTigue and Leo Flynn for Adair. (2) Yes. (3) 10. (4) Featherweight. (5) They never clashed.

A Gob, San Pedro, Cal.

Q.—When and where was Terry Mc Govern born? What is Johnny Dundee's right name and his nationality?

A.—Johnstown, Pa., March 9, 1880. Joseph Carraro. Italian.

S. A. B., Newfoundland.

Q.—(1) I am twenty-three years old and have had a good many rough and tumble fights. Am I too old to enter the ring? (2) Where was Kid Lavigne born and where is he now? (3) Where is Dixie Kid? (4) Did Kid Lavigne ever defeat Joe Walcott?

A.—No. (2) Bay City, Mich. At present in Detroit. (3) In Europe. (4) Yes.

Robt. Resh, Philadelphia.

Q.—(1) Are Terry McGovern, Joe Gans, Battling Nelson, George Dixon and Young Corbett still alive? (2) Who was the man who licked George Dixon?

A.—(1) McGovern, Gans and Dixon are dead. (2) Dixon lost several fights, to McGovern, Attell, Tommy Sullivan and Austin Rice.

T. C., Detroit, Mich.

Q.—(1) Is the Ted Moore that is fighting here the same as the Ted Moore that was beaten by Seaman Hall in Plymouth, England, in 1921? (2) How many fights has Gene Tunney fought and how many has he won on points and knockouts?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) Fifty-five. Twenty no decision, and scored as many knockouts.

K. E. Messick, Los Angeles, Cal.

Q.—What are the full family names of the following: Jess Willard, Tommy Burns, Marvin Hart, Jim Jeffries, Bob Fitzsimmons and Kid Kaplan?

A.—Jess Willard. Noah Brusso, Marvin Hart, James J. Jeffries, Robert Fitzsimmons. Louis Kaplan.

Results of Boxing Bouts

(In all states where decisions are not rendered, decision here rendered is that of the consensus of newspaper verdicts in city where fight took place)

JANUARY

2—Hollywood:
Ralph Smith beat Pat Lester, six rounds.

2—Sacramento:
Mickey Gill beat Harry Soo, six rounds.
Orve Starrett beat Young Herrara, six rounds.
Red Walsh beat Young Cruz, six rounds.
Young Flores beat Young Shannon, six rounds.
Eddie Mahoney beat Georgie Drew, six rounds.
Kid Rees knocked out George Smith, one round.
Henry Falagano beat Kid Kopecks, six rounds.

2—Des Moines
Ray Miller beat Kid Worley, ten rounds.

2—Toledo, Ohio:
Let Philbin wins on foul from Young Webb, six rounds.

2—San Diego:
Ray Neuman beat Vic Alexander, ten rounds.

5—Jacksonville, Fla.:
Boots Antley beat Tommy Ryan, ten rounds.
Ben Rae knocked out Young Bianco, one round.
Hoosier Wonder knocked out Jack Stanton, four rounds.

5—Bakersfield:
Joe Pimenthal beat Ad Rubidoux, six rounds.
Billy Bonillas beat Bobbie Herman, six rounds.

5—Rink S. C., Brooklyn:
Joey Silvers beat Cuddy De Marco, ten rounds.
Paddy Ryan beat George Levine, ten rounds.
Lew Chester beat Dave Rosenberg, ten rounds.
Pete Scarano wins on foul from Sammy Markowitz, one round.
Johnny Pincus beat Joe Eulo, four rounds.

5—Lenox S. C.:
Allentown Johnny Leonard knocked out Frankie Ritchie, twelve rounds.
Murray Elinks beat Sig Keppen, ten rounds.
Al Valdo beat Frankie Churnside, six rounds.
Benny Levine knocked out George Fortmuller, two rounds.

5—Boston:
Tiger Flowers stopped Billy Britton, two rounds.
Willie Gradwell beat Battling Budd, eight rounds.
Clemente Saavedra knocked out Yussel Pearlstein, one round.

5—Buffalo:
Charlie Weinert stopped Italian Jack Herman, two rounds.
Young Bob Fitzsimmons knocked out Carl Johnson, five rounds.

5—Louisville, Ky.:
Al Corbett drew with Phil McGraw, twelve rounds.

5—Youngstown, Ohio:
Carl Termaine beat Frankie Fassano, twelve rounds.

5—Memphis:
Jack Russon beat Ralph Brady, eight rounds.

6—Pioneer S. C.:
Ed Garvey knocked out Ben Smith, one round.
Yale Okum beat George Smith, six rounds.
Mel Frenck stopped Frank Kiley, two rounds.
Dan O'Connell knocked out Pietro De Lauri, two rounds.
Ed Keeley stopped Carmine Caggiano, two rounds.
Jimmy Francis knocked out Jack Ford, three rounds.
Tommy De Lucca beat Joe Eppy, four rounds.

6—Twenty-seventh Regiment, Brooklyn:
Kid Bates stopped Patsy McNulty, two rounds.
Eddie Lagos knocked out Eddie Benson, two rounds.
Fred Ullman stopped Jimmy Carlson, one round.
Bobby Slater drew with Abe Cohen, six rounds.
Gunboat Ski beat Teddy Grodin, four rounds.

7—First Armory, Newark:
Mickey Walker beat Mike McTigue, twelve rounds.
Bobby Barrett knocked out Jack Rappaport, eight rounds.
Harry Martone beat Charlie Arthurs, ten rounds.
Sid Kelly beat Johnny Britt, six rounds.

7—Winnipeg, Can.:
Jack Reddick beat Johnny Papke, ten rounds.

7—Providence:
Tiger Flowers stopped Dan Dowd, six rounds.

7—Dayton, Ohio:
Frankie Bobe beat Mickey O'Dowd, eight rounds.

7—Ogden, Wash.:
Nobe Cervantes knocked out Lew Paluso, seven rounds.

7—Commonwealth S. C.:
Clark Anderson knocked out Al Wessel, two rounds.
Eddie Ziegler beat Dominick Pettrolina, four rounds.
Johnny Fillucio beat R. Brockman, four rounds.
Jimmy Laducca beat El Perry, four rounds.
Jimmy Iris beat Petey Hayes, four rounds.
Tom Stevenson beat Paul Feinstein, four rounds.
George Lunden beat Charley Ford, four rounds.
Joe Moffet drew with Al Davis, four rounds.

7—Ridgewood Grove S. C.:
Cannonball Eddie Martin and Augie Pisano, stopped by referee in the third round; no contest.
Pepper Martin knocked out Billy Miller, six rounds.
Ted Blatt drew with Jackie Gordon, six rounds.
Frankie Curley beat Jerry Heffern, six rounds.
Rudie Miller beat Otto Pierce, six rounds.
Tony Allicino knocked out Louis Lazar, two rounds.

7—Oakland A. A., San Francisco, Cal.:
Johnny Farr beat Dynamite Murphy, ten rounds.
Buck Holley beat Norman Genet, six rounds.
Fred Sullivan drew with Harvey Perkins, six rounds.
Eddie Kelly beat Mickey Gill, four rounds.
Johnny Tillman knocked out Brownie Proctor, one round.

8—Pasadena, Cal.:
Young Farrell drew with Phil Mala, six rounds.

8—Tacoma, Wash.:
Jimmy Sacco beat K. O. Mars, six rounds.
Jimmy Rivers drew with Irving Goldberg, six rounds.
Billy Mendez beat Alex Novecky, four rounds.
Soldier Basco beat Phil Herkert, four rounds.

8—National Hall, San Francisco, Calif.:
Joe Miller drew with Billy Alger, six rounds.
Frank Campbell knocked out Art Titus, one round.
Freddie Hoppe beat Ah Lee, four rounds.
Eddie Foley drew with George O'Rourke, four rounds.
Young Johnny Burns beat Johnny O'Dow, four rounds.
Frankie Klick beat Jimmy Barry four rounds.

8—Vancouver, N. S.:
Vic Foley beat Dixie La Hood, six rounds.
Leo Lumski beat Mike O'Connor, six rounds.
Young Jack Dempsey beat Young Peter Jackson, four rounds.
Joe Wilson drew with Sparkplug Boyd, four rounds.
Young Runcorn beat Norman Wilson, four rounds.

8—Patchogue, L. I.:
Andy Tucker knocked out Harry Duer, six rounds.
Tony Palmer knocked out Jack Worman, four rounds.
Joe Courtney beat Joe Skinner, six rounds.
Ray Davis beat Ted Kid Nelson, six rounds.
Tony Yonda beat Tommy Devine, four rounds.

8—Grand Rapids, Mich.:
Tom Gibbons knocked out Jack Burke, six rounds.
Let Philbin stopped Eddie Gray, seven rounds.

8—102nd Medical Regiment:
Ritchie Martin knocked out Vincent Sanchez, five rounds.
Frank Constantine beat Joe Kestner, eight rounds.
Charley Murray beat Teddy Moore, eight rounds.
Red Magee beat Ted Kid Lewis, eight rounds.
Al Young beat Gunboat Ski, four rounds.

8—Manhattan Casino A. C.:
Jack Sharkey beat Jack De Mave, ten rounds.
Bobby Garcia knocked out Joe Glick, five rounds.
Jack McVey beat Vic Hirsch, ten rounds.
Sid Burt beat Frankie Hyland, six rounds.
Johnny Willets beat George La Rocco, four rounds.

9—Everett, Wash.:
Bob Harper knocked out Spec Woods, three rounds.

9—Oklahoma City:
Young Hendrick beat Pat Corbett, ten rounds.
Jack Jones drew with Nick Grundy, eight rounds.
Henry Finley knocked out George Lee, two rounds.
Jimmy Owens knocked out Lou Hopper, three rounds.

9—Madison Square Garden:
Jack Bernstein beat Tommy O'Brien, ten rounds.
Harold Smith beat Jack Snyder, ten rounds.
Bushy Graham stopped Nat Pincus, eight rounds.
Johnny Breslin beat Bobby Green, six rounds.
Nick Petrone beat Johnny Bran, four rounds.

9—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Jim Slimmer beat Jack Thompson, eight rounds.
Eddie Welsh beat Harry Boyle, eight rounds.

9—Wilkes Barre, Pa.:
Joey Ross beat Indian Russell, six rounds.
Johnny Pincus knocked out Young Goldsworthy, three rounds.

9—Detroit:
Harry Greb beat Bob Sage, ten rounds.

9—Passaic, N. J.:
Ruby Stein drew with Jimmy Hutchison, ten rounds.

9—Minneapolis:
Pete Sarmento beat Eddie Anderson, eight rounds.

9—San Francisco, Calif.:
Billy Wells beat Chick Roach, ten rounds.
Calif. Joe Lynch beat Al Crisp, six rounds.
Sammy Compagno beat Bobby Ertle, six rounds.
Johnny Frayne beat Alec Pasloff, four rounds.
Mickey Gibbons beat Ted Miller, four rounds.

10—Ninth Regiment Armory:
Billy Wells beat Al Studdy, ten rounds.
Bernie Hufnagle drew with Joe Zink, ten rounds.
Bertie Littlejohn drew with Joe Peppertea, six rounds.
Georgie Thomas knocked out Israel Dumays, one round.
Jack Carter beat Gunboat Ski, four rounds.
Billy McMahon beat Tommy Wilson, four rounds.

10—Commonwealth, S. C.:
Willie Harmon beat Buddy Saunders, ten rounds.
Stanislaus Loayza beat Johnny Rocco, ten rounds.
Len Kemp beat Joey Baker, ten rounds.
Joey Werner beat Buddy Wallace, six rounds.
Bruce Flowers beat Billy Wiley, four rounds.

10—Fourteenth Regiment, Brooklyn:
Harry Murk knocked out Dutch Eckhardt, five rounds.
Charley Kohler beat Bobby Anderson, ten rounds.
Fred Neiman beat Alf. Kalf, six rounds.
Johnny Dean beat Johnny Coster, six rounds.
Johnny Huber won over Buster Williams, four rounds.
Al Young knocked out Young Brazola, one round.
Willie Garafola knocked out Howard Burt, two rounds.

10—Ridgewood Grove, S. C.:
Marty Silvers beat Frankie Albano, six rounds.
Irish Tommy Jordon beat Marty Powell, six rounds.
Davey Abad beat Willie Suess, six rounds.
Charley Burns wins on foul from Bob Sheller, four rounds.
Sig Keppen drew with Yves Horellou, six rounds.
Danny Smith knocked out Abe Greenfield, one round.

10—Columbia A. C., Jersey City:
Joe Celmars beat Johnny Kochansky, eight rounds.

12—Richmond, Va.:
Battling Kelly stopped Kid Lewis, one round.
Joe Breitstein stopped Batler Babout, one round.
Charlie Toler drew with Young Staples, four rounds.
Lukie Lefwich stopped Chick Shaw, two rounds.
Hooks Coleman beat Sailor Burch, four rounds.

12—Miami, Fla.:
Young Stribling beat Hugh Walker, ten rounds.

12—Portland, Ore.:
Izzy Tanner beat Red Uhlan, ten rounds.

12—Marysville, Calif:
Eddie Doody drew with Eddie Mahoney, eight rounds.

12—Cincinnati, Ohio.
Charlie Weinert stopped Joe Downey, three rounds.

12—Milwaukee, Wis.:
Billy Bortfield beat Joe Jawson, eight rounds.
Harry Kahn beat Joe Sieloff, eight rounds.

12—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Frankie Schoell beat Art Weigand, six rounds.

12—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Cannonball Eddie Martin beat Tommy Murray, ten rounds.
Carl Termaine beat Patsy Wallace, ten rounds.
Tommy Jordon beat Mike Schultz, ten rounds.
Joey Schwartz drew with Andy Martin, ten rounds.

12—Pittsfield, Mass.:
Pete August knocked out Jack Ryan, six rounds.

12—Scranton, Pa.:
Joey Ross wins on foul from Bobby Rutenberg, nine rounds.

12—Lenox, S. C., N. Y. City:
Izzy Schwartz beat Jimmy Russo, ten rounds.
Danny Lee stopped Frankie Brown, nine rounds.
Benny Levine beat Jack Darcy, ten rounds.
Sammy Shack drew with Jack Rafferty, six rounds.
Harry Brooks beat Abe Rosofsky, four rounds.

12—Washington, D. C.:
Young Denico beat Eddie Frye, eight rounds.

12—Louisville, Ky.:
Harry Fay beat Ray Pelky, twelve rounds.

12—Memphis, Tenn.:
Sammy Mandell knocked out Charley Feraci, six rounds.

12—Duluth, Minn.:
Cowboy Padgett wins on foul from Al Van Ryan, nine rounds.

12—Montreal, Can.:
Bobby Garcia beat Leo Kid Roy, ten rounds.

13—New Orleans, La.:
Young Leonard stopped Sailor Joe Dundee, two rounds.
Bobby Hughes beat Ashton Donza, six rounds.
Big Boy Peterson beat Rough House Ross, six rounds.

13—Reading, Pa.:
Jim Slimmer knocked out Bill Reinfield, six rounds.

13—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Jimmy McLarning beat Fidel La Barba, ten rounds.

13—Garibaldi Hall, San Francisco, Calif.:
Joe Roach beat Eddie Mahoney, six rounds.
Young Franklin drew with Jack Attell, six rounds.
Joe Bell stopped Joe Brady, three rounds.
Kid Robinson beat Dick Cruse, four rounds.
Jimmy Adams knocked out George Gunther, one round.

13—Tampa, Fla.:
Tony Carsey beat Happy Henry, six rounds.

13—Twenty-seventh Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Joe Glick knocked out Harry Sutton, six rounds.
Kid Rash knocked out Billy Knowles, two rounds.
Billy Slater knocked out Jack Marsh, two rounds.
Billy Slater beat Earl Moore, four rounds.
Tony Esposito stopped Bobby Lee, two rounds.
Jimmy Burns stopped Frankie Burke, one round.

13—New Brunswick A. A., N. J.:
Harry Mills beat Johnny Kid Lewis, eight rounds.
Henry Mick wins on foul from Joe Ritchie, three rounds.

13—Cleveland, Ohio:
Charlie O'Connell beat Archie Walker, twelve rounds.
Bennie Gershe knocked out Spencer Gardner, six rounds.

13—Bayonne S. C., N. J.:
Jackie Gordon drew with Petey Mack, twelve rounds.
Murray Layton stopped Moe Roth, four rounds.

13—Pioneer S. C., N. Y. City:
Sid Terris beat Jimmy Goodrich, twelve rounds.
Harry Felix beat Al Valdo, ten rounds.
Red Labrino beat Jim Irice, six rounds.
Tommy Downey beat Ed Sabel, six rounds.
Joe Marino beat Abe Cohen, four rounds.

14—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Paul Berlenbach knocked out Rocky Smith, four rounds.
Benny Bass knocked out Willie Harvey, two rounds.
Joe Reno beat Ray Mitchell, ten rounds.
Danny Gartin beat Tommy Noble, ten rounds.

14—St. Petersburg, Fla.:
Young Stribling beat Mike Wallace, ten rounds.

14—Providence, R. I.:
Davey Abad beat Kid Durant, ten rounds.

14—Suffolk County S. C., Patchogue, L. I.:
Sammy Marino drew with Charley Izzo, six rounds.
John Willits beat Joe Perris, six rounds.
Pat McAdams stopped John Hancock, five rounds.
Eddie Paul beat Ugo Sarno, six rounds.
Nick Quagerelli stopped Young Marullo, five rounds.
George Smith beat Fred Baya, four rounds.

15—Worcester, Mass.:
Johnny Drew knocked out Jimmy Cooney, seven rounds.

15—Bayonne S. C., N. J.:
Marty Silvers beat Larry Regan, eight rounds.
Charley Arthurs drew with Al Wortman, eight rounds.
Mickey Cangro beat Burt Kelley, eight rounds.

15—Manhattan Casino, N. Y. City:
Tommie Ryan beat Frankie Fasano, ten rounds.
Wilbur Cohen stopped Willie Darcy, six rounds.
Tony Palmer drew with Joe Celmars, ten rounds.
Willie Dillon knocked out Willie McNulty, two rounds.
Al Goldberg beat Eddie Ziegler, four rounds.

15—102nd Medical Regiment, N. Y. City:
Frank Constantine drew with Lee Wedo, eight rounds.
Sandy Taylor beat Joe Zink, eight rounds.
Barney Shaw knocked out Jimmy Ryder, six rounds.
Jack Manley beat Patsy Mozier, six rounds.
Fred Ullman beat Sailor Bill Burwick, six rounds.
Johnny Turner beat Bobby Graham, four rounds.

15—Columbus S. C., N. Y. City:
Tommy McAleer beat Bob Sheller, six rounds.
Joe Malone beat Augie Pisano, six rounds.
Joe Cavalier stopped Romejio Garcia, one round.
George Lunden stopped Teddy Matriano, two rounds.

16—Hollywood, Calif.:
Harry Galfund drew with Bermondsey Billy Wells, six rounds.

16—Dreamland Rink, San Francisco, Calif.:
Jack Britton beat Norman Genet, eight rounds.
Pickles Martin beat Mike De Pinto, six rounds.
Benny Marks beat Harry Soo, six rounds.
Harry Scott beat Young Riley, four rounds.
Billy Hanlon beat Ted Miller, four rounds.

16—Madison Square Garden, N. Y. City:
Jack Delaney knocked out Tiger Flowers, two rounds.
Larry Estridge knocked out Charlie Nashert, two rounds.
Sammy Baker beat Tracey Ferguson, six rounds.
Charlie Rosen beat Benny Gould, six rounds.
Matty Mario drew with Juan Bieza, four rounds.
Bob Lawson knocked out Roscoe Hall, three rounds.

16—Akron, Ohio:
Al Corbett drew with Willie Ames, twelve rounds.
Battling J. D. Barberton knocked out Young Payne, one round.

16—Tampa, Fla.:
Tony Carsey beat K. O. Victor, six rounds.

16—Detroit, Mich.:
Sid Barbarian beat Red Herring, ten rounds.
Eddie Kid Wagner beat Phil McGraw, ten rounds.

17—Ridgwood Grove S. C., Brooklyn N. Y.:
Sammy Beinfeld beat Benny Tell, six rounds.
Sammy Aaronson beat Paul Gulotta, six rounds.
Dave Webber drew with Pete Scarano, six rounds.
Nick Laparut beat Sammy Goodman, six rounds.
Joey Abrams beat Enrico Savardo, six rounds.
Emil Mascellino beat Henry Theisen, four rounds.

17—Commonwealth S. C., N. Y. City:
Sailor Friedman beat Paul Doyle, twelve rounds.
Harry Getzel beat Dodo Jackson, twelve rounds.
Dominick Petrone beat Jack Rafferty, six rounds.
Johnny Burgess knocked out Teddy Moses, two rounds.

17—Ninth Coast Armory, N. Y. City:
Frankie Houlihan knocked out Willie Clarkson, one round.
Arnold Ryan stopped Tommy Devine, two rounds.
Bill Tosk beat Eddie Kid Whalen, eight rounds.
Jack Carter beat Gunboat Ski, four rounds.
Buddy Tobin stopped Frankie Vincent, one round.
Jimmy Ring knocked out Buddy Jackson, two rounds.

19—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Jack Zivic knocked out Lew Tendler, five rounds.

19—Laurel A. C., Elizabeth, N. J.:
Jack McFarland beat Young Woody, ten rounds.
Maxey Rosenbloom knocked out Joe McCartney, four rounds.
Lou Ferry beat Charles Arthur, ten rounds.

19—Scranton, Pa.:
Pete Latzo knocked out Eddie Burnbrook, two rounds.

19—Miami, Fla.:
Jackie Marlowe beat Frankie Moran, ten rounds.

19—Zanesville, Ohio:
Harry Greb stopped Johnny Papke, seven rounds.

19—Toronto, Ont.:
Jack Reddick knocked out Harry Kroh, three rounds.

19—Stamford, Conn.:
Willie Dillon knocked out Walter Young Eddy, four rounds.
Steve Smith beat Eddie Mack, ten rounds.

19—Lynn, Mass.:
Eddie Shelvin wins on foul from Paddy Flynn, seven rounds.

19—Richmond, Va.:
Andy Tucker beat Andy Bowen, ten rounds.

19—Indianapolis, Ind.:
Sidney Glick beat Mickey O'Dowd, ten rounds.
Louis Lavel beat Frankie Frisco, ten rounds.

19—New Bedford, Mass.:
Lou Bogash beat Chief Halbran, ten rounds.

19—Providence, R. I.:
Midget Mike Moran wins on foul from Charlie Goodman, seven rounds.

19—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Kid Williams beat Johnny West, eight rounds.

19—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Joe Dundee knocked out Nate Goodman, four rounds.
Babe Ruth beat Red Chapman, ten rounds.
Frankie Murray beat Marty Gold, ten rounds.
Al Gordon beat Frankie Ferro, ten rounds.

19—Cincinnati, Ohio:
Morris Schlaifer knocked out Frankie Vinchell, eight rounds.

19—Wilkes Barre, Pa.:
Jack Delaney beat Allentown Joe Gans, ten rounds.
Jack Pollock beat Sig Keppen, eight rounds.

19—Jacksonville, Fla.:
Tanks Grantham beat Fearless Fern, ten rounds.
Ben Ray beat Harry Kid Baker, eight rounds.
Hoosier Wonder drew with Young Baxter Roper, six rounds.

20—Seattle, Wash.:
Jimmy Sacco beat Johnny Jordon, six rounds.

20—27th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Kid Bates drew with Jimmy Gardy, six rounds.
Bernie Hufnagle stopped Joe Diano, one round.
Artie O'Leary beat Nick Laparuta, six rounds.
Moe Roth beat Barney Nolan, six rounds.
Bobby Slater drew with Danny Shurrie, six rounds.
Henry Clark stopped Young Carbone, four rounds.

20—West Palm Beach, Fla.:
Jack Middleton beat Bill Clemons, ten rounds.

20—Williamsport, Pa.:
Frank Maguire beat Young Fisher, ten rounds.
Jimmy Monroe beat Joe Baker, ten rounds.

20—Boston, Mass.:
Jack Sharkey beat Sully Montbomery, ten rounds.

20—Bayonne S. C., N. J.:
Harry Felix beat Joe Celmars, eight rounds.
Dave Weber stopped Soldier Jack Ritchie, five rounds.
Gats Gargano drew with George Scott, eight rounds.

20—Pioneer S. C., N. Y. City:
Ed Garvey drew with Dan Bright, six rounds.
Mike Burke stopped Sammy La Salle, two rounds.
Jimmy Francis knocked out Whitey Hall, four rounds.
Yale Okum knocked out Mel French, two rounds.
Ed Keeley knocked out Dan O'Connell, three rounds.
Ruby Goldstein knocked out Eddie Markat, one round.
Ed Lagos beat Davy Goodman, four rounds.

21—Bellingham, Wash.:
Young Sam Langford drew with Herb Jones, four rounds.

21—Hartford, Conn.:
Bobby Garcia knocked out Terry Parker, four rounds.

21—San Diego, Cal.:
Ernie Goozeman beat Denny Nunes, twelve rounds.

21—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Jimmy Slatery beat Joe Lohman, six rounds.
Sid Terris beat Joe Hall, six rounds.
Charley O'Connell beat Joe Jawson, six rounds.

21—Grand Rapids, Mich.:
Young Stribling beat Jimmy Delaney, ten rounds.

21—Hartford, Conn.:
Young Mulligan beat Kid Lewis, ten rounds.

21—National Hall, San Francisco, Calif.:
Jack O'Dare knocked out Hal Yont, five rounds.
Sailor Hughes beat Jack Lee, four rounds.
Red Fitzsimmons beat Jack Roper, four rounds.
George Decker beat Mickey Gibbons, four rounds.
Young Johnny Burns beat Frankie Thurston, four rounds.
Bobby Coster drew with Jimmy O'Dow, four rounds.
Frankie Stetson knocked out Frankie Wilson, one round.

21—Wilmington, Cal.:
Kid Mexico stopped Johnny Greb.

22—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Harry Greb knocked out Kid Lewis, one round.

22—Columbus S. C., Yonkers, N. Y. City:
Stanislaus Loayza knocked out Benny Levine, two rounds.
Bruce Flowers beat Billy Fitzsimmons, six rounds.
Joey Abrams beat Nick Mercer, six rounds.
Yves Horellou beat Paul Fargo, six rounds.
George La Rocco knocked out Phil Bodkin, one round.

22—102nd Medical Regiment, N. Y. City:
Georgie Brown beat Alex Taverski, eight rounds.
Vincent Sanchez beat Frankie Cronin, eight rounds.
Bobby Murray knocked out Billy Knowles, one round.
Vincent Fiergione beat Charley Murray, eight rounds.
Soldier Ritchie drew with Jack Mercedes, four rounds.

22—Hamilton A. A., Passaic, N. J.:
Izzy Cooper beat Benny Cross, ten rounds.
Joey Eulo beat Frankie Bauman, six rounds.

22—London, Eng.:
Ted Kid Lewis beat Francois Charles, twenty rounds.

22—Mason City, Iowa:
Jack Conway knocked out Kayo Roberts, five rounds.

22—Rink A. C. Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Jack Renault beat Joe Stoessel, twelve rounds.

23—Newburgh, N. Y.:
Al Fugaro beat Midget Irla, ten rounds.

23—Youngstown, Ohio:
Willie Harmon and Jimmy Jones, stopped, no contest.

23—San Diego, Calif.:
Billy Wells beat Johnny Mendez, ten rounds.

23—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Tommy Ryan beat Irish Johnny Curtin, ten rounds.

23—Englewood, N. J.:
Mario Gigilo knocked out Pat Lester, one round.

24—Commonwealth S. C., N. Y. City:
Johnny Drew beat Johnny Leonard, ten rounds.
Bobby Risdon stopped George Doherty, three rounds.
Irving Shapiro drew with Clark Anderson, ten rounds.
Matty Mario beat Nick Laperuto, six rounds.
Jack Grevelsky knocked out Jack Carter, one round.

24—Ridgewood Grove S. C., Brooklyn:
Paddy Ryan drew with Sammy Baker, six rounds.
Paul McCusker drew with Jimmy Roberts, six months.
Ralph Nischo beat Milton Cohen, six rounds.
Romeo Vaughn knocked out Petey Bolin, five rounds.
Mike Durano beat Ivan Hawes, six rounds.
Willie Schmidt stopped Phil Chandler, one round.

24—Ninth Regiment Armory, N. Y. City:
Petey Hayes beat Kid Bates, ten rounds.
Sandy Taylor beat Jimmy Gardy, ten rounds.
Johnny Huber beat Eddie Priola, six rounds.
Jack Thompson stopped Buddy Tobin, one round.
Soldier Ritchie stopped Charley Wells, two rounds.
Billy McMahon beat Tommy Wilson, four rounds.

24—14th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Bernie Hufnagle beat Joe Zink, eight rounds.
Al Studdy beat Al Young, eight rounds.
Harry Brandon beat Johnny Levine, eight rounds.
Red Macgee beat Panama Ted Lewis, eight rounds.
Maxey Singer knocked out Jimmy Ring, three rounds.
Johnny Turner beat Willie Rose, four rounds.

26—Cleveland, Ohio:
Benny Gersche knocked out Harry Battling Leonard, four rounds.

26—Lenox S. C., N. Y. City:
Lew Hurley beat Marty Silvers, six rounds.
Ruby Stein beat Bud Dempsey, six rounds.
Henry Goldberg beat Eddie Elkins, six rounds.
Nick Quagerelli beat Julio Abercilla, six rounds.
Bobby Bolin beat Joe Eulo, six rounds.

Johnny Filucci beat Harry Green, four rounds.
Al Maters beat Frankie Churnside, four rounds.

26—Scranton, Pa.:
Joey Ross drew with Ty Coleman, twelve rounds.

26—Trenton, N. J.:
Young Jack Dempsey beat Joe Reno, ten rounds.
Terry Brooks beat Frankie Anderson, eight rounds.
Ray Selby beat Leo Bates, eight rounds.

26—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Tommy Noble beat Tommy Farley, eight rounds.

26—Terre Haute, Ind.:
Eddie Dwyer beat Joe Jawson, ten rounds.

26—Providence, R. I.:
Pete August beat Gunboat Jack, ten rounds.

26—Hot Springs, Ark.:
Tommy Marvin stopped Cyclone Burns, six rounds.

26—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Jimmy Goodrich beat Harry Kid Brown, ten rounds.
Tommy Kid Murphy beat Eddie Kid Wagner, ten rounds.
Midget Kilburn beat Mike Moran, ten rounds.
Kid Wolfe beat Sammy Novia, ten rounds.

26—Steubenville, Ohio:
Jack Geyer stopped Tex Broad, five rounds.
Marine Tolliver stopped Dixie Kid Smith, five rounds.
Mike Conroy beat Lawrence Karinsky, four rounds.
Bud De Cesare beat Cocky Miller, four rounds.

27—Albany, N. Y.:
Johnny Darcy beat Frankie Maxwell, ten rounds.

27—Fort Dodge, Iowa:
Warnie Smith knocked out Joe O'Hara, first round.

27—Paterson, N. J.:
Pinky Burns beat Joey Kaufmann, ten rounds.

27—Albany, N. Y.:
Murray Layton beat Frankie Curley, twelve rounds.

27—27th Division Armory, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Joe Glick knocked out Jack Russell, two rounds.
Eddie Kid Brown beat Abe Cohen, eight rounds.
Henry Clark drew with Tommy Carbone, six rounds.
Bertie Littlejohn beat Sam Singleton, six rounds.
Johnny Turner beat Fred McDonald, four rounds.

27—Pioneer S. C., N. Y. City:
Maxey Rosenblum beat Joe Silvani, six rounds.
Izzy Schwartz wins on foul from Lew Perfetti, five rounds.
Eddie Flank beat Nick Mercer, ten rounds.
Dave Weber beat Barney Keeley, six rounds.
Allen Miller beat Moe Roth, four rounds.

27—Paris, France:
Edouard Mascart knocked out Danny Frush, two rounds.
Paul Fritch beat Fred Bretonnel, twelve rounds.
Hill Hone loses to Paumelle, on points, ten rounds.

28—Oakland, Calif.:
Billy Wells beat Pete Latzo, ten rounds.

28—Baltimore, Md.:
Chick Ward knocked out Johnny Harris, five rounds.

28—Portland, Me.:
Jim Maloney knocked out Battling McCreery, one round.

28—Boston, Mass.:
Tiger Flowers knocked out Tommy Robson, eight rounds.

29—Providence, R. I.:
Tiger Flowers knocked out Bill Savage, two rounds.
Bob Lawson knocked out Jack Hanlinson, two rounds.

29—102nd Medical Regiment, N. Y. City:
Sandy Taylor beat Jack Tilyou, twelve rounds.
Johnny Huber beat Cick Mayo, six rounds.
Harry Brooks beat Eddie Reilly, six rounds.
Fred Ullman beat Jimmy De Casco, six rounds.
Jimmy Kelly beat Jimmy De Pace, four rounds.
Sailor Ritchie drew with Soldier McCarthy, four rounds.

29—New Manhattan Casino, N. Y. City:
Billy Prestage knocked out Arthur Smith, two rounds.
Les Price knocked out Phil Wesiberger, one round.
Harry Pitlon knocked out Ted Gillen, one round.
Sid Burt stopped George Lunden, two rounds.
George La Rocco beat Booker Dowling, six rounds.
Jack Howard drew with Jack Worman, four rounds.

30—Detroit, Mich.:
Tom Gibbons knocked out Tiny Jim Herman, three rounds.

30—Madison Square Garden, N. Y. City:
Paul Berlenbach beat Tony Marullo, twelve rounds.
Sully Montgomery stopped Clemente Savaardo, two rounds.
Gordon Munce knocked out Ed Garvey, three rounds.
Rene De Vos beat Jimmy O'Gatty, six rounds.
Jack Stone beat K. O. Jaffe, six rounds.
Jakie Cohen wins on foul from Gabriel Castlas, one round.

30—Toledo, Ohio:
Jimmy Jeakele beat Johnny Mendelsohn, twelve rounds.

30—Omaha, Neb.:
Jack Renault beat Bob Roper, ten rounds.

30—Waterbury, Conn.:
Barney Snyder knocked out Kid Pancho, ten rounds.

30—St. Paul, Minn.:
Harry Greb beat Jimmy Delaney, ten rounds.

30—Fortress Monroe, Va.:
Bobby Garcia knocked out Chick Ward, two rounds.

30—Brighton, England:
Bombardier Wells wins on foul from Soldier Jones, six rounds.

31—Ridgewood Grove S. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Johnny Kochansky beat Ted Blatt, six rounds.
Ray Long beat Joe Werner, six rounds.
Pete Scarano beat Ricardo Gonzales, six rounds.
Pietro Di Lauro knocked out Dave Smith, one round.
Rudy Miller wins on foul from Johnny Willets, two rounds.
Danny Smith beat Patsy Rago, four rounds.

31—Commonwealth S. C., N. Y. City:
Stanislaus Loayza beat Johnny Rocco, ten rounds.
Bobby Risden beat Billy Fitzsimmons, ten rounds.
Yves Horellou drew with Willie Powell, ten rounds.
Johnny Filucci knocked out Ernie Striet, three rounds.
Abe Rosofsky beat Jay Nicholas, four rounds.

31—14th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Arnold Ryan beat Joe Kestner, ten rounds.
Johnny Coster drew with Johnny Dean, eight rounds.
Willie Garafola beat Danny Shugrue, six rounds.
Joe Marino knocked out Joe Callahan, two rounds.
Vincent Sarno drew with Tony Esposito, four rounds.
Ted Moore stopped Walter Butnick, two rounds.
Kid Lundy beat Tony Puglesse, four rounds.

31—Ninth Coast Armory, N. Y. City:
Billy Tosk beat Eddie Kid Whalen, eight rounds.
Billy Wells knocked out Jack Carter, three rounds.
Red Magee beat Jack Kid Travers, eight rounds.
Carol Setti beat Midget Irla, eight rounds.
Mickey Pell stopped Max Gruber, one round.

Dempsey Was Not So Lucky

TALKING about queer stuff that happened in the ring, here are a couple for the book:

At the old Clermont Rink, where some of the best scraps were served up in the good old days, a number of years ago, two negroes, "Terrible" Rube Wilkins and Pete Axt, were matched for a ten-round bout.

In the second round Axt was pushed headlong out of the ring by his opponent, the "terrible one" (a la Dempsey). He landed in the front row and when he was hauled into the ring again there was a rim of a new straw hat around his neck.

HARRISON L. COHEN.
559 Saratoga Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Got Sweet Revenge

WHEN Sid Terris, Carl Duane and Lew Hurley were under age limit and were limited to six-round bouts, the matchmaker of the Lenox Club put them on the same card. Lew Hurley had a great K. O. streak. He had knocked out 16 battlers in a row and it was hard to get an opponent to fight him.

One day, a pug, one Freddy Lewis, walked into the office of the matchmaker of the Lenox Club and asked for a bout. He was accommodated and was signed with Hurley. At the time for weighing in, Lewis, thinking to scare Hurley, casually said to his seconds: "I guess I'll finish him in a round or two."

Hurley, an Italian, decided to take revenge for this insult when the boys met in the ring that night. No sooner had the gong sounded, than Hurley rushed from his corner and planted a terrific right to the jaw. Lewis was counted out just 35 seconds after the bout started. When he came to, he asked his seconds:

"Say, are they going to ring the bell?"

When told he was knocked out he became furious. He had no recollection of any of the events leading up to the K. O. and it was with difficulty he was convinced that Hurley got even for the remark made that afternoon.

SIDNEY I. BROTHERS.
435 Grand Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

He Was No English Sparrow

SOME years ago, Wild Cat Ewing, who is now campaigning somewhere south of the Rio Grande, was "Cock of the Walk" around Houston. Wild Cat, a rugged middleweight, was not very long on science, but was a willing mixer and won his fights by sailing in with both hands and his head down like a charging bull. When he connected, they dropped.

All the local talent had acknowledged Ewing as the Southern champion, when one Joe Marks blew into town from Philadelphia.

A match was arranged, and on the big night every fan in the Bayou City was on hand. When the gong gave the signal for hostilities to begin, Wild Cat came out of his corner, head down, both arms swinging and flailing the air, and snorting like a locoed steer. Marks, a graceful exponent of terpsichore, danced lightly away. The Wild one charged right on into the ropes and this sort of thing kept up for four rounds without Mr. Ewing being able to lay a mitt on the agile Mr. Marks. After a mad rush across the ring, Wild Cat would bring up in neutral corner, still slugging the air viciously, only to find his elusive opponent elsewhere.

The crowd was having a great time, even if the "fight" was a farce. At the end of the fourth, the furious Wild Cat began to remove his gloves. "Here," yelled the referee, "this is a ten-round fight; keep those gloves on."

"Nix," roared the Wild Cat, "NIX, you make that guy stand still and I'll fight him; I ain't no English Sparrow."

R. C. CRABB.
Kingsville, Texas.

When Fouls Didn't Count

By EDWARD W. COLE

Famous Turf Writer and Judge

THIS happened in ye olden days when Philadelphia was a sporting town and a drink of good liquor cost but ten cents.

"Pop" Diston was giving a party to some up-state friends. "What amusement is on the menu for tonight?" asked Pop, a prince of good fellows.

"I have arranged for a little rough and tumble stuff between Bill Gabig and Mike Boden," I answered. "They are to get $100 for ten rounds and no fouls recognized."

"Good. And, pray, where is this fracas to be held?"

"In a road house just this side of Nicetown, and the time eight p. m."

There were no automobiles in those days and the party of a dozen piled into three sea-going rigs.

We arrived at the spot about seven-thirty. The landlord was expecting us.

"Where are these two gladiators?" asked Pop of the landlord.

"They're upstairs stripping," was the answer.

"Pop" and yours truly went up a rickety pair of stairs and seeing a light hopped into a room.

There on the bed lay the two huskeys, Messrs. Gabig and Boden.

"Framing it up," intimated Mr. Diston.

"Framing nothing," quickly answered Gabig in a sort of huffed way, resenting the insinuation doggedly. "I'm not in the framing game with birds like Boden. I don't hav'ter. He's buttermilk for me."

Notwithstanding Gabig's bluff, they had framed it for Gabig to win on a foul in the third round.

The party adjourned to the back room of the roadhouse where a dozen or more chairs had been arranged to form a ring. When all were seated the gladiators were presented to the up-staters.

"Who is to referee?" I asked Mr. Diston. "Just me," was his answer, and you be the separator?" I seemed tc know I would get the tough job, but it was a friendly gathering and to make it more noisy half of the party was half-stewed.

"Let the sport begin," shouted "Pop" in gladiator tone, arising from his chair and making fitting gestures.

Gabig was a bit the taller of the two and Boden a right-handed fighter and a bit awkward. For the first round there was a little action.

"Quit that bunk stuff," shouted the referee. "No fight, no money, remember that."

The threat had an effect, the second round being pretty well filled with thrills, so much so, that the audience had to give up its seats and back up to flat walls out of the way of the two bulls. It was getting interesting and and presumably on the level.

In the third round Gabig was hit a bit low and claimed a foul.

"Nothing doing on fouls," was the referee's verdict.

Later on Gabig claimed another foul after being kicked by Boden.

Some one appealed to Pop to give Gabig the money.

"I didn't see the foul," exclaimed "Pop," "the tail end of a bottle hid the boys from view."

"What d'yez have to do to get a foul?" asked Gabig in a tough guy tone.

"More than you two guys planned while you were in bed," answered the referee.

The tempers of the two roughnecks were now ruffled, seeing their plans had gone awry, and the fourth round was a pippin. In the fifth it was up and down for fair. First one and then the other would resort to everything according to bar-room etiquette. Talk about a rough and tumble, it was worse.

Finally in a wrestling mix-up, Gabig got a waist hold on Boden and picking him up bodily under his arm, deliberately pushed his head through the panel of a door and then let his body fall to the floor.

Boden finally got his head out of the panel and after extracting half a dozen splinters went over to the referee, spluttering and spitting out stuff that looked like sawdust and claimed the money on a foul.

The whole scene was so ludicrous and satisfying that the host of the party relented and, while he would not give the fight to Boden on a foul, as he afterwards said:

"I gave the boys a hundred apiece because they are a funny pair of ducks and should develop into a team of knock-about comedians."

It was one of the best five-round battles I ever saw, and I have seen many.

THE FALLEN IDOL

By H. C. Van Buskirk

The Memphis Kid was a welterweight
When he was in his prime;
He fought in many a stiff debate,
And won 'most every time.

He won the title, fighting hard,
From Hard-Boiled Jack McLore,
He battered down the Champ's weak guard
And stretched 'im on the floor.

He swaggered to the very peak
Of pugilistic fame;
No place on earth where man could speak,
But what had heard his name.

He was the idol of the fans,
An ideal of the crowd,
'Til something swept across his plans
Like some dark, gloomy cloud.

For Tiger Jones gave him defeat,
In this, his greatest fight;
The Memphis Kid was badly beat
And lost the belt that night.

And thus the idol's fallen down,
The fans no longer cheer,
As when he held the glitt'ring crown,
And was to them so dear.

But does he oft bemoan his fate
And his unlucky star?
And does he sit and meditate,
His dreaming mind afar?

The Memphis Kid is sterner stuff,
A heart beats in his breast,
He smiling greets Fate's hard rebuff,
For he had done his best.

The Great Sport

Flying fists and shifting feet,
The reek of smoke and sweat,
The thud of blows in rapid beat,
The sight of red blood wet.

The gasping grunt as hard blows land,
The cat-calls and the jeers,
The loser gamely shows his sand,
And turns the jeers to cheers.

The thrill of battle, blow for blow,
The rapid, pounding gait,
The grit and skill these warriors show,
Are what make boxing great.

The Astronomer

It was night, weird night,
And the stars were bright,
A meteor flashed about,
He gazed in awe at this wond'rous sight,
While the referee counted him out

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Peter Jackson vs. Peter Maher
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Ketchell vs. Johnson
Ad Wolgast vs. Willie Ritchie
Kilbane vs. Abe Attell
Corbett vs. Terry McGovern
Ad Wolgast vs. Battling Nelson
Johnson vs. Jeffries
Johnson vs. Willard
Carpentier vs. Joe Jeannette
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Tommy Murphy vs. Dick Hyland
Pat O'Keefe vs. Owen Moran
Johnny Summers vs. Owen Moran
Tom Johnson vs. Isaac Perrins
Charley White vs. Rocky Kansas
Dempsey vs. Gibbons
Wilde vs. Villa
Leonard vs. Tendler
Dundee vs. Criqui
Willard vs. Firpo

Prints Containing More Than One Photo

Joe Rivers and Ad Wolgast
Jack Slack and Bill Richmond
Billy Edwards and George Siddon
Jack Dillon and Tommy Ryan—Jim Dineen Sparring
Benny Yanger and Tom Sharkey—Terry McGovern sparring, and Frank Erne and John L. Sullivan—Jake Kilrain sparring
Bob Fitzsimmons and Battling Nelson
Jack Johnson and Harry Wills
Joe Jeannette and Young Pete Jackson
George Dixon and Joe Gans and Joe Wolcott
George Godfrey and Frank Craig
Tommy Ryan and Harlem Tommy Murphy
Marvin Hart and Billy Papke
Leach Cross with sparring partner
Jack Johnson with sparring partner
Picture of Exhibition Sparring Bout
Sparring Match at London, England, 1743.
Wrestling Pictures, 75 Cents
Strangler Lewis vs. Stanislaus Zbysko
Frank Gotch vs. Hackenschmidt
Joe Stecher in training
George Calza in training
Stanislaus Zbysko in training

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Tom Allen
Jack Ashton
Jack Broughton
Joe Butler
Arthur Chambers
Joe Coburn
Tom Cribb
Jimmy Carroll
Frank Craig
Young Corbett
James J. Corbett
Dan Creedon
Dan Donnelly
Nonpareil J. Dempsey
Prof. Mike Donaldson
John Donaldson
George Dixon
Frank Erne
Billy Edwards
Bob Fitzsimmons
Joe Goss
Joe Gans
Young Griffo
Marvin Hart
Joe Jeannette
Jack Johnson
Peter Jackson
James J. Jeffries
Stanley Ketchell
Tom King
Nat Langham
Sam Langford
George LeBlanche
Joe Lennon
Terry McGovern
Dominick McCaffrey
Jack McAuliffe
Kid McCoy
Tom Molineaux
Daniel Mendoza
Jem Mace
Peter Maher
Battling Nelson
Billy Papke
Pedlar Palmer
Billy Plimmer
Willie Ritchie
Gus Ruhlin
Paddy Slavin
Tom Sharkey
Tom Sayers
John L. Sullivan
Joe Walcott
Tommy West
Ike O'Neil Weir

COMBINATION PHOTOS AT $1.00 EACH

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Carpentier—Lewis
King—Mace
Dixon—Casper Leon
Fitzsimmons—Gardner
Ketchel—Papke
McTigue—Loughran
Randall—Belasco

Peter Maher, Billy Smith, Tommy Ryan, James Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons
Billy Plimmer, Pedlar Palmer, George Dixon, George Lavigne, Jimmy Barry
John C. Heenan, John Morrissey, Tom Sayers, Tom Hyer, Bill Poole

W. A. Brady, Charles Davis and Al Vendig
Bob Fitzsimmons and Kid McCoy

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Jack Britton
Bill Brennan
Jack Bernstein
Georges Carpentier
George Chip
Jack Dempsey
Jack Dillon
Johnny Dundee
Luis Firpo
Pal Moore
Terry Martin
Elino Flores
Battling Siki
Luis Vicentini
Frankie Genaro
Charley Griffin
Johnny Griffin
Tom Gibbons
Louis Guglemini
Mike Gibbons
Geo. Godfrey
Harry Harris
Pete Herman
Ed. McGoorty
Gene Tunney
Battling Hurley
Alex Hart
Sammy Mandell
Pal Moran
M. Hore
Floyd Johnson
Young Peter Jackson
Frank Klaus
Johnny Kilbane
Tommy Kelly
Willie Lewis
Danny Lee
Sid Barbarian
Spencer Gardner
Battling Levinsky
Benny Leonard
Joe Lynch
Quentin Romero
Packey McFarland
Ted "Kid" Lewis
Mike McTigue
Al McCoy
Dido Plumb
Tommy Ryan
Joe Rivers
Jack Renault
Bert Keyes
Midget Smith
Erminio Spalla
Steve Taylor
Lew Tendler
Clonie Tait
Young Stribling
Phil Kaplan
Tony Caccarelli
Carl Tremaine
Andy Thomas
Dave Shade
Freddie Welsh
Ad Wolgast
Willie Lewis
Jess Willard
Kid Williams
Harry Wills
Jimmy Wilde
Johnny Wilson
Charlie White
Pancho Villa
Eddie Burnbrook
Pete Sarmiento
Sid Terris
Johnny Curtin
Georgie Ward
Eugene Criqui
Bud Taylor
Mickey Walker
Mike Dundee
Rocky Kansas
Joe Beckett
Jimmy Clabby
Ritchie Mitchell
Pinky Mitchell
Frank Moran
Billy Miske
Jack Zivic
Henny Catena
Johnny Buff
Bill Tate
Jack Delaney
Abe Goldstein
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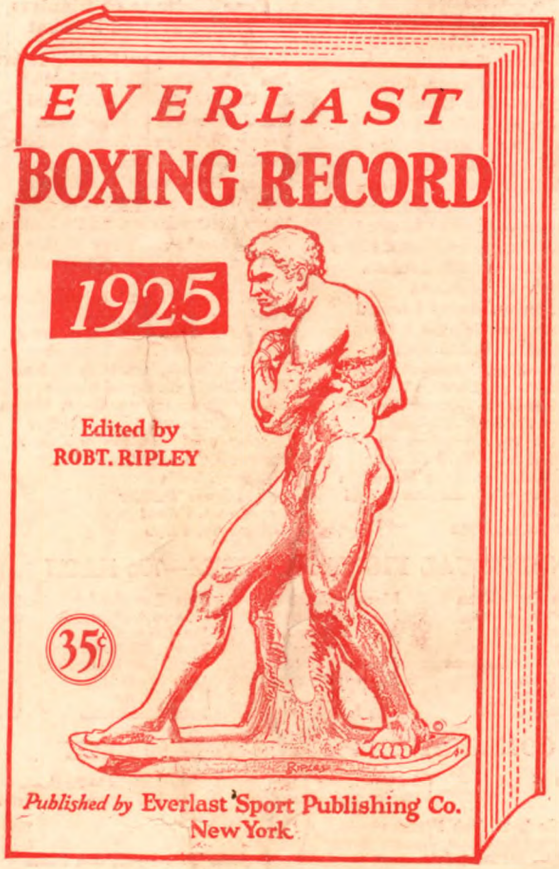

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